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## INDEX TO LITTELL'S LIVING AGE

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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ Vol. CLXXXV.

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## LIVING, THOUGH THE DATE BE OLD.

"But, dead! All's done with: wait who may,  
 Watch and wear and wonder who will.  
 Oh, my whole life that ends to-day!  
 Oh, my soul's sentence, sounding still,  
 'The woman is dead, that was none of his;  
 And the man, that was none of hers, may go!'"

ROBERT BROWNING (Too Late).

'Tis a gold box set with pearls  
 All around the quaint old lid;  
 And her eyes, 'mid sunny curls,  
 Partly seen, and partly hid,  
 Smiling, gaze into your face  
 With a dainty charm and grace.

Raise the lid; some words are there,  
 Graven deep into the gold—  
 Words that breathe a great despair,  
 Living, though the date be old.  
 "Seventeen ninety, sixth of May,  
 She died. God teach me how to pray."

I could tell her name and age,  
 Write the story of her life.  
 But why open the shut page?  
 She has rested long from strife,  
 And a hundred years have fled  
 Since the day that she lay dead.

Close the box—why linger here?  
 Sixty years ago he died,  
 Held no other woman dear,  
 Never wife was by his side;  
 Ended was life's golden day,  
 "Seventeen ninety, sixth of May."  
 Academy. FLORENCE PEACOCK.

## DEAF BEETHOVEN.

His magic fingers wander o'er the keys—  
 Silent, alas! to him forevermore;  
 Though, like wave-music on a sun-kissed  
 shore,  
 The tones float up in wondrous melodies.

O not for him the sense that bears the sound  
 Of such sweet chords unto the inmost soul!  
 O not for him the solemn thunder-roll  
 Pealing, in sterner moments, far around!

Nor yet for him to hear the plaudits loud:  
 Though, turning in the pauses of his theme,  
 As one awaking from a soundless dream,  
 He sees the passionate gestures of the crowd.

As an Eolian lyre when winds go by  
 Wakes to the unseen airs and straightway  
 sings,  
 Though all unconscious of its own sweet  
 strings,  
 By him unheard, wakes his own melody.

Or as a forest pine in night's dim shade,  
 Tosses wild arms into the troubled air,  
 Wailing in strains that seem almost despair,  
 Yet knows not of the moans itself has made.

Or as a low-voiced stream beneath the moon,  
 Singing its midnight monotone unseen;  
 Or as a glistening fall, 'mid leafage green,  
 Flooding with melody the woods of June.

Or as the solemn turret-bell, whose tones  
 Strike the dull air as with the beat of Doom,  
 While the close-gathered mourners round  
 the tomb  
 Strive not to vex the dead with futile moans.

Yet who shall say that in his soul sublime,  
 Lifted so far above the common earth,  
 Some inner sense of joy may not have birth,  
 Some music all unknown to things of time?

Some melodies which, floating through that  
 soul,  
 Up to the spirit world unconscious soar;  
 And, garnered in those realms forevermore,  
 May meet him when this earth shall cease to  
 roll?

Denied to him the priceless gift to hear  
 His own creations. Ah! what glad surprise  
 When on immortal strings those chords  
 shall rise  
 Triumphant, as Eternity draws near!

Greatest of all! and though his star may shine,  
 And earth be filled with gladness through  
 its beams,  
 Yet, in God's ways, a life of sadness seems  
 The Nemesis of gifts almost divine.  
 Temple Bar. SYDNEY HODGES.

## A LOST PARADISE.

GREEN fields and young faces,  
 Sunshine and flowers—  
 Ah, in far-off fairy places,  
 Once they were ours!

Now, when cares and crow's-feet thicken,  
 Brown locks are grey,  
 Do the hedgerows somewhere quicken,  
 Flushing with may?

Are the buttercups as golden?  
 Do the harebells chime,  
 In those meadows of the olden  
 Blessed time?

Look, how cold that sky above us!  
 Ah me! to walk  
 Where the daisies know and love us,  
 And the sparrows talk!

Hush! the wistful children heed us,  
 Pausing in their play!  
 Darlings, take our hands and lead us—  
 You know the way.  
 Spectator. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
 CHARLES THE TWELFTH: A MEMOIR.  
 BY THE KING OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

"THAT which never dies, I know, is the judgment of a dead man." In these simple words our *Hávamál* expresses the value of the judgment of history. The past appeals to the justice of the future. History is the answer, but generations pass away before the final verdict can be given. Not until the clamor of contemporary admiration or censure is silenced, not until the heart has ceased to beat, not until adulation can no longer attract and calumny is of no avail, not until then is the hour of historical judgment at hand; and out of the clouds of prejudice and misconstruction rises at last the brilliant sun of truth. But although under its effect perception becomes clearer and views are enlarged, the difficulty of coming to a just verdict is great, as it must not be based on assumptions, but demands a proper understanding of the conditions and bent of a particular age. The judgment of which the *Hávamál* speaks is one demanding an unprejudiced and also merciful view, founded upon a clear and unbiassed conception of a past age, and the forces and individuals that predominated during that age.

Every age has its heroes, who seem, so to speak, to constitute the embodiment of its drift and aspirations. Such men cannot be measured by the ordinary standard. When history adjudges upon their achievements it must do so as a whole, and not piecemeal. That would leave but little to cherish and venerate in our heroes, of whom Charles the Twelfth is one.

The memory of Charles the Twelfth is dear to every Swede, his name famous throughout the world, his history rich in eventful vicissitudes, and his personality and qualities have been variously judged; therefore it is with feelings of veneration not unmingled with trepidation that I venture to attempt to delineate the true character of the Lion King of the North.

With the beginning of the sixteenth century dawned a new era. New powerful forces awoke to life within political as well as religious spheres and stamped the

future destiny of the world. The feudalism of the Middle Ages had long since seen its palmy days. Its historical rôle was played out, like an old knight who, with stumbling gait, is approaching nearer and nearer to the grave, rich in honor and memories, but tired of life, helpless, and heavy with sin. The Reformation, which acknowledged the free right of thought, was as hostile to secular feudalism as to spiritual. On the main continent of Europe, where feudalism predominated to such an extent that an independent agrarian class did not exist, the new order of things resulted generally in the creation of princely states or the formation of certain mighty free commercial towns. The former was followed by the establishment of a numerous, influential, and strictly disciplined bureaucracy, whilst the latter, as a rule, were accompanied by communal oppression under the cloak of republican forms of government.

In those countries where Protestantism was victorious the spiritual aristocracy was crushed, and before long also the secular. In Germany alone some of the most powerful feudal lords succeeded in gaining an independence which has been first shaken in our days, but more often the less important were soon suppressed. In England the aristocracy became an important factor in the new régime, which, fortunately for that kingdom, was founded in the seventeenth century, and which, favored both by the situation of the country and the temper of the people, developed itself in a most remarkable manner. In France, on the other hand, where amongst the movements of the new age the religious must be reckoned the principal, the centralizing autocracy assumed its most pronounced form. An outward hollow reconciliation between the different sects of religion having been established, the work of centralization increased. The work of Henry the Fourth and Sully, already prepared by Louis the Eleventh, was continued with persevering directness by the important men who afterwards piloted the ship of state, so that at last Louis the Fourteenth could raise his mighty throne on the ruins of feudal France and thence send forth the world-

famed dictum: "L'état c'est moi," in which is in reality expressed his own statecraft as well as the political creed of the age which bears his name.

As to Sweden, we find that, although certain conditions, especially during the last years of the seventeenth and the first years of the eighteenth century, decidedly resembled those existing in France, our country had experienced a social development very unlike that of other countries in Europe, and that with us a social life had grown up which faithfully reflected the peculiar traits of Swedish national temper. Thus the individual sense of independence found a reflection in a class of freehold farmers which has never been so suppressed as to cease making itself felt in opposition to the other powers in the community. The temper of the people counteracted, just as much as the climate and position, the foundation of such great and powerful centres of commerce which in Germany and Italy created communities with independent constitutions, extensive connections, and great wealth. A poor soil was not favorable to the feudal system, which requires large and rich domains in order to prosper, but the system itself was resisted by the free-born peasantry, who therein saw a danger to their future, and who therefore became one of the most faithful if not always disinterested allies of the monarchy. The power of the Catholic Church in Sweden, although great, was never equal to that exercised in countries nearer Rome. All conditions were simpler, the social chains fewer, although not weaker.

Thus Sweden was saved from any sudden revolution. In the union of Calmar\* lay a deep and grand idea, but, alas, badly expressed, and yet worse applied; therefore it failed in its object. The specific Swedish consciousness of a distinct nationality may with reason be said to have taken deep root during this period, and caused the most striking events in Swedish history. The first Wasa king founded his throne upon this national consciousness awakened to life; he found protection and help in the province of Dalcarlia,

where the independence of the freehold farmers, particularly favored by local conditions and the temper of the people, had maintained itself best, and he built his throne from the fragments of that of the union-king, Christian the Second, with the swords and by the voices of the Swedish people. Both Gustavus Wasa and his successor certainly obtained, like the monarchs of France, an increase of power, and this was necessary; but the national strength which asserted itself in Sweden became the safeguard of liberty, and to the honor of our greatest rulers be it said that they were themselves the foremost representatives of our national life and character. "Swedish history is its kings," says our great poet Geijer truly; and these words have another and, to my mind, a far better meaning than those of Louis the Fourteenth quoted above. The greatness of Sweden externally was gained by grand feats of arms, as its regeneration internally was the outcome of religious as well as political reformation.

It deserves to be remembered that the nobility, through courageous conduct and official skill, understood how to create for itself a political position due to personal merits, and which has been preserved to the present day. Maybe the leaders within the party hoped, through distinguished services under the standards, to regain some day the power which even the nobility of the North in the mediæval age strove to attain. Two lengthy regencies, with distinguished statesmen belonging to the most eminent families in the land at the head of affairs, the reign of a splendor-loving queen, and the incessant wars which called the male regents to service outside the country, favored such a plan, and at the period of Charles the Eleventh attaining his majority the goal seemed indeed near at hand. In power and wealth, in statesmanship and territorial position, our most eminent noble families fully equalled those of Germany. The Swedish councillors of state demanded and were admitted to rank with the princely elector of Germany, and were, moreover, related to Swedish as well as to foreign princely houses. The nobility held a large portion of Swedish soil, and through

\* The union of the three Scandinavian countries under one crown.

the exemption from taxation of their privileged land and the burden upon the rest of the soil became the more heavy, and the entire fiscal system of the country was threatened with collapse. The agrarian class was running a greater danger still, the feudal lords, like implacable creditors, threatened by law and by sword to subdue all other classes of the community. Fortunately the national monarchy was sufficiently strong and wise to raise a barrier against this attempt to guide our social development into such a dangerous channel. Sweden obtained in Charles the Eleventh her Louis the Fourteenth before it was too late, just as she had in Charles the Ninth her Louis the Eleventh only at a period when the progress of the country had proceeded far enough to permit the people to assert itself by the side of the crown. In truth, Providence has clearly watched over the Swedish people.

The curtailing of the power of the feudal lords by Charles the Eleventh was necessary, but the execution was cruel and far too severe. He founded upon the ruins of the federally disposed landed aristocracy a faithful and loyal bureaucratic hierarchy, and was, for the settlement of the shaken and disturbed conditions of state and for the introduction of the new political *régime*, invested by the people's representatives with a power and authority which were in reality despotic. Every one considered that a despotic monarchy was now necessary to consolidate the new political order of things; it may be said truly that the king of the realms was chosen dictator by his subjects, in order that, even with a temporary sacrifice of popular liberty, he might guard and advance the conditions upon which their future existence and progress depended.

To the honor of Charles the Eleventh be it said that he wielded his great powers solely for the good of the State, and never to his personal benefit, and the best proof of his wisdom is that, in spite of his unlimited powers, he often consulted the Estates. Charles was not remarkably gifted by nature; his education, too, had been neglected; but the evidence of his statesmanlike and beneficent reign remains, and provinces gloriously defended

by him in the hour of danger still belong to the Swedish crown, whilst others far more dearly acquired have been lost forever. At his death he left the country in a state such as it had not enjoyed since the days of Gustavus Wasa, and which it did not again attain till under the rule of my grandfather and father, Charles John (Bernadotte) and Oscar the First. A well-filled treasury, an incorruptible judiciary, extensive trade with the most distant parts of the globe, a reorganized and well-equipped army, and a strong, able navy, which nearly ruled the Baltic—such are the fruits of the reign of this ruler.\*

He had, moreover, consolidated the position of Sweden as a great power. Every foreign State bid for our friendship, and Sweden was able to act with weight as arbiter at the general peace congress of Ryswick, summoned thereto by the unanimous voice of conflicting parties.†

Our frontiers were never more extended than at this period. Maybe they could not be called natural frontiers in the modern sense of the word, but they were certainly proof of power and means of influence. Through the treaties of Stolbowa and Brömsebro, the treaty of Westphalia, and the treaties of Roskilde and Oliwa, Swe-

\* It is well known and fully admitted that this was the army with which Charles the Twelfth effected his remarkable exploits of war. It should be, but is not, known, too, that the great creation of Charles the Eleventh—the navy—had a large share in the astounding progress of the former in his earlier campaigns. And I cannot here refrain from drawing attention to the great advantages reaped by Sweden when possessing a government which has justly valued and developed our navy. There are three monarchs who have particularly watched over the navy, viz.: Gustavus Wasa, Charles the Eleventh, and Gustavus the Third, and through their care the results were: Under Gustavus Wasa that Swedish commerce flourished for the first time, and that the old, long-forgotten Viking land again became known and honored; under Charles the Eleventh that the pre-dominating power of Sweden in the north, and acknowledged right of voice in the political affairs of Europe, through her mastery of the Baltic, became consolidated and rose to its highest points; finally, under Gustavus the Third, that Sweden, in spite of many unfortunate circumstances, could single-handed hold her own in the war against powerful Russia, the only war since the beginning of the eighteenth century from which the country emerged without loss of territory. Such teachings of history should not be buried in oblivion.

† Among the latter France declared, through her envoy in Stockholm, that she desired no other changes in the treaties of Westphalia and Viumweg than those which the king of Sweden himself should deem advantageous.



den had obtained acknowledgment of her rights to the possessions on the Continent won by the sword, as well as to the provinces of Scania, Blekinge, Halland, and Bohus in the Scandinavian peninsula. She had obtained duty free right of way through the Sound, right to have a voice in the internal affairs of Germany, and was looked upon as the protectress of the threatened Protestants. In strong opposition to Denmark, the only other power having possessions of consequence on the Baltic and a fleet upon that sea comparable with our own, Sweden held the foremost position as guarantor of Holstein, with the ducal house of which the Swedish royal family are closely allied by marriage, and finally, through the alliance of Charles the Eleventh with the Danish Princess Ulrica Eleonora, a question was left open to the future which might be answered by a second union of Calmar under conditions far more advantageous to Sweden than those of the first.

Such, then, we find the inheritance to which Prince Charles was born in Stockholm Palace at dawn of the 17th of June, 1682.

His birth was greeted with joy by the whole country, and various remarkable signs were said to have been manifest around his cradle—the cradle which to the present day constitutes one of the costliest historical treasures of the royal house of Sweden. The portents were believed by the populace, who therefore thought that a shining future was in store for the little princelet, who inspired general hopes. His first years passed in the care of a pattern mother, Ulrica Eleonora, who instilled in his young mind that fear of God, justice, and purity of living, which afterwards distinguished the youth and the man. When four years of age the prince obtained as his governor Count Eric Lindsköld, and soon afterwards, as his tutor, the distinguished professor of oratory at Upsala, Norcopeus, afterwards raised to the nobility in the name of Nordenhelm, an honor which, it is said, Charles himself solicited of his parents.

Charles the Eleventh, who had himself experienced the evils of a neglected education, watched incessantly over the tuition of his son. His progress was rapid in most things, particularly in history, mathematics, and the classics. His gifted nature was early developed, and he was with justice considered a child endowed with a quick perception and a bright intelligence. Unfortunately, the plan of education was not permitted to be carried out undis-

turbed, for in 1693 death claimed his tender-hearted and pious mother, after a life in which a deep sense of duty, nobility of character, and affection were the distinguishing traits, but who had experienced but little of pleasure and gratitude from others. With Ulrica Eleonora a good angel disappeared from the side of Charles. The venerable Nordenhjelm soon also followed the queen into the grave, whither Lindsköld had already journeyed, and in whose place as governor Count Nils Gyldestolpe was chosen whilst councillor of the chancellery. Thomas Polus succeeded Nordenhjelm, without, however, fully filling his place. Charles's sorrow over the loss of his mother was so deep and violent that it seriously affected his health, and soon after her funeral he was attacked by a violent fever which threatened his life. Youth and his robust constitution were, however, victorious, his development soon proceeding as before, and already at the age of fourteen or fifteen he is described as boasting that manly and tall appearance which is so pleasing to the Swedish eye. Warlike games now became his favorite occupation, that excellent officer Stuart undertaking his instruction in military science. The prince was often permitted to follow his father on his journeys and reviews around the country, and attended also for a time the lectures at the University of Upsala. Everywhere he gained the affections of the people. At the beginning of 1697 he was prepared by Bishop Berzelius for confirmation, but did not receive the holy communion until the day after his father's death.

On the 14th of April, 1697, Charles the Twelfth ascended, in virtue of his inheritance, the kingly throne of Sweden, being then fourteen years and ten months of age. In accordance with the testament of his father, made immediately after the death of Queen Eleonora, the regency was, until the son attained a "maturer" age, to be composed of five regents, with the dowager-queen of Charles the Tenth as president. The regency was to be consulted in all affairs of state, detailed injunctions being given as to its mode of procedure. Only one stipulation was wanting, though a very important one, namely, the "age of maturity" of the king. The whole regency was therefore a misfortune, and its political functions evaporated entirely in intrigues, the sole aims of which were to gain the favor of the king and security from future reproaches. However, Charles soon began to make his personal will felt, in spite of a weak grand-

mother and vacillating regents. Among the latter, the president, Count Bengt Oxenstierna, must be said to have possessed the greatest weight and authority; but his position was not undisputed. The parties were sharply divided, particularly upon foreign policy. Between France and the naval powers a combat was waged in the Swedish council, in which flattery, money, and intrigue played alternate parts in rapid succession; in fact, the scant information vouchsafed us of those times seems indisputably to indicate that certain Swedish statesmen were not proof against the temptation of gold, against which at the present day we boast of steel armor. But, however we may regret all abuses, it would not be just to throw the whole blame upon the form of government. We must above all things remember the different views then prevailing, views which a subsequent century, with all its so-called freedom and enlightenment, has been unable to shake — ay, which it has rather seemed to favor.

A third party, the Danish, had been formed of the men most dissatisfied with the curtailment of the power of the nobility, which at first labored secretly for a Danish succession, but which, upon discovering its impotence, joined the "French" party, and thereby gave it a decided ascendancy, in spite of the opposition of the dowager-queen and Oxenstierna. At the head of this party were the regents Christoffer Gyllenstjerna, Fabian Wrede, and Wallenstedt, supported by the king's governor, Gyllenstolpe, and other leading public men.

Distaste of government by aristocracy in general, but more particularly the apparent weakness of the regency, made the latter very unpopular in the country, and heightened the yearnings of the nation for a young, resolute, and quick ruler, and the leaders of the various political parties became anxious to turn this feeling to account for the advancement of their plans. The consequences were not long in coming. They were accelerated by several accidental events — a general famine, the like of which the country had not witnessed for very many years, threatening aspects respecting the peace of Europe — although the torch of war had but just been extinguished — and, finally, a horrible palace fire, the mystery of which produced an almost superstitious depression among the people. On the last-named occasion the youthful Charles had for the first time an opportunity of exhibiting proof of that resoluteness and presence of

mind which never afterwards deserted him. His popularity gained still more therefrom, and when reluctantly quitting the ruins of his father's burning castle, the threshold of which he should never cross again, he might, in the din of the popular acclamations, have heard the prophecy of those great events which were shortly to influence his destiny so deeply.

The Estates had been summoned to attend the funeral of the late king. This, at all events, was the ostensible reason, though every one predicted that something important, though undefined, would be the outcome of its meeting. The peers and the nobility also assembled in unprecedented numbers, and upon the election of presidents, the French party, which appeared most to favor an immediate declaration of age of the king, was victorious. Intrigues began at once, but they afford nothing of interest. Of any actual plan or leaders to carry into effect the declaration of sovereignty there were none, although the subsequently so influential Count Piper was designated as an ardent party chief. And why any plans, leaders, or secret understandings? Most were agreed upon the main question, or appeared to be. Events evolved themselves, and with remarkable rapidity. It was in the forenoon of the 18th of November that the word was for the first time uttered in the assembly of nobles. The few cautious ones were outvoted, silenced, and even jeered at. A deputation was at once despatched to the government, which happened to be assembled. Fabian Wrede was the only one who manifested any hesitation, all the remaining regents, as well as the dowager-queen, acquiescing gladly. A meeting was fixed at the assembly of nobles for the same afternoon, and the commoners, of whom nobody appears to have thought before, were then summoned thither. Deputations of the latter met, the subject was discussed openly, but only the clergy warned against haste, and displayed a reluctance which the impartial historian must call "respect for the law."

As already said, the age of maturity was not fixed in the testament of Charles the Eleventh; maybe this was done purposely, to leave room for such interpretation as the development of events might demand; but, according to immemorial custom, and by a resolution of the Estates of 1604, a Swedish king should attain his majority at the age of eighteen, and Charles the Twelfth was but fifteen. However, it happened now, as is generally the case in the moment of party excitement, the storm

of acclamation silenced every voice of hesitation. No time for consideration was allowed. The same afternoon all Estates met at the House of Nobles. The nobility were very numerous, and, rising to a man, threw their hats into the air, shouting with enthusiasm, "Vivat rex Carolus!" This was their whole deliberation. Burghers and peasants joined willingly in the cry. The clergy were shattered, only a few of their representatives being present. On the following day this Estate met, when some prudent words were uttered, but what was done could not be undone. The marshal of the realm, at the head of the Estates in assembly, obtained the desired audience between six and seven o'clock in the evening, and exhorted the king on their behalf to at once assume the reins of government, promising, in the name of the entire people, adherence and obedience, with offer of goods, life, and blood if necessary, an offer which it must be admitted they redeemed to the last. The king answered "Yes," and promised, with the help of God and in the name of Jesus, to assume the government.

Thus, in the short space of hardly ten hours, this remarkable revolution was effected. It may be considered the "political Narva" of Charles the Twelfth. To us, who look on these events through the vista of the past and without painful feelings, it must seem that it would have been more fortunate, both for Sweden and himself, if he had risen to full sovereignty in a less hasty and revolutionary manner. The Lion King might well have been afforded time to gather his strength, and the young mind to mature for the great calls that were soon to be made upon both. But the populace had, as usual, no thought beyond the hour of joy and advantage, and under jubilation from high and low Charles the Twelfth, on the 29th of November, in *plenum plenorum*, assumed the government.

Upon this the meeting of the Estates was in reality closed, although sittings took place for some weeks afterwards, so that the representatives of the nation were able before they separated to grace the royal obsequies of Charles the Eleventh as well as the crowning of his youthful son Charles the Twelfth.

That a lad like Charles the Twelfth could have no great inclination at first for the more serious sides of administration was only natural. And how he, with the ardor of his age, indulged in warlike games, daring bear-hunts, forced riding-matches in the company of youths of his

own age, is too well known for recapitulation here. It has been asserted that his brother-in-law, the Duke of Holstein, from ignoble motives, encouraged these reckless exploits, in order that one of them might end in a vacancy of the throne, and for this reason the duke was looked upon with disfavor by the people.

It is, however, less known, strange to say, that the king soon changed his conduct. Without renouncing his manly pursuits, he by degrees separated himself from the more intimate companions of his brother-in-law, and began to devote longer time to the duties of a regent, and this some while before the breaking of the storm which was soon to ravage the North.

The policy of neutrality and the prudent administration of the father had already long before increased the influence and respect of Sweden in Europe, but had also increased the jealousy of the neighboring powers. Russia had for some years been governed by the famous ruler who was destined to found the greatness of that country in large measure at our expense. In the electoral kingdom of Poland, the Saxon Elector Augustus, in spite of the labors of France in favor of the Prince de Conti, had succeeded in gaining the crown, which, however, afforded him more lustre than power. The land of the great Brandenburger was silently preparing for its coming task in the history of the world, and Denmark, at that time our implacable foe, was brooding upon revenge for the loss of her provinces.

When the rulers of these countries beheld Sweden governed by a monarch hardly out of his teens and of age before his time, whose thoughts and life, moreover, were only occupied in wild, reckless, and dangerous pursuits, and within whose domains many causes for fermentation existed, they deluded themselves by the hope that our country would fall an easy prey to their combined forces. There were not wanting traitors who fanned these hopes. The Liefland nobility, harshly and unwisely treated by the Swedish government, obtained at the Russian as well as at the Polish court treasonable connections who naturally exaggerated the dissatisfaction of the country.

The reprehensible manner in which Czar Peter and King Augustus, Charles's own nephew, treated him, although not wanting a counterpart in history, was at variance with all Charles's ideas of honor and morality, and fostered a deep aversion in his heart which strongly influenced

his subsequent actions; for he remembered that only three days before concluding an offensive alliance with King Augustus, Czar Peter signed a treaty of amity with Charles, demanding and obtaining at the same time a supply of ordnance from our honorable and trusting hero, whilst barely a fortnight previously King Augustus had despatched an embassy to Stockholm offering Charles his congratulations on his accession to the throne. Although just as hastily disposed, the careful Brandenburger court remained neutral, whereas the Danish king secretly entered the alliance, at the same time protesting most loudly his friendship for Charles, his blood relation. Under this mask of hypocrisy three mighty States were preparing themselves for an attack upon our country and its beardless king. Without a moment's warning or declaration of war they threw off the mask and unsheathed their swords, certain of victory. But they had reckoned without their host in Charles the Twelfth and his Swedes.

Upon the receipt of the unexpected news simultaneously from all the frontiers of the land a thrill of alarm shot through the whole nation. All parties were instantly united in the love for their country, and with a few quick and mighty strokes of his paws the irritated Swedish lion felled his antagonists to the earth.

That Charles first turned his forces against Denmark was undoubtedly wise, for this foe was nearest and could with difficulty be assisted. Rapidly Charles prepared his fleet under the command of Rear-admiral Hans Wachtmeister, ordered the nearest regiments down into Scania, and departed himself on the 12th of April, 1700, from his capital, which, alas! *he was never to behold again.*

The Danish king had withdrawn the principal portion of his army to Schleswig, whither he himself had also gone. Most probably he flattered himself with the hope of crushing the Duke of Holstein and his few Swedish auxiliary troops before Seeland was threatened. But he had to pay dearly for this carelessness. When the Swedish fleet entered the Sound from the south simultaneously with the appearance of an English and a Dutch squadron at the northern end to assist Sweden, the Danish fleet did not venture out. In the district around Malmö there were, upon the king's arrival, only some six thousand men, but the saving of time was far more important than a few thousand men. An inspiration which bore the stamp of great-

ness dictated the decision of the youthful general. His fleet having mastery of the Sound, he, quick as lightning, throws his few regiments across, landing at Humlebäck, a little fishing village just south of Elsinore. He himself wades ashore from the boats, unable to reach land at the head of his guards, and hearing, for the first time, the bullets of the enemy whiz past him, fired by youthful heroism, he exclaims, with prophetic enthusiasm, "This shall henceforth be my music!"

He is victorious almost without shedding blood. He strikes with terror the Danish government, and gains at the same time, through his noble conduct and the severe discipline of his troops, the sympathies of the population of Seeland. Not only with admiration but with affection they greet the son of their good and beloved Ulrica. To the many deputations waiting upon him in his camp he answers with modest assurance, "What I have done I have been driven to, but you may now rest assured that from this day I shall be the staunchest friend of your kind." And he does not only *say* so, but acts equally chivalrously. He grants an armistice before the very walls of Copenhagen. He demands not an inch of land from the king who had just raised his sword against him, and who, before a month is over, has thus to sue to him; we are told to consider the subsequent peace as the "adjustment of a misunderstanding" between Denmark and Holstein. The direct interests of Sweden are not affected by it. We may well ask with one of our most gifted historians: "Was there but a blind thirst for warlike distinction, and no feeling of peaceful greatness at the bottom of this nature who thus seals his first victory?" We can well understand the enthusiasm evoked among the just Swedish people over such an action, in which the most high-minded nobleness of character and the most heroic force were blended; and this in a youth of eighteen!

From the joys over his success both king and nation were, however, called to serious cares. It was whispered, not without apprehension, "Against whom are our arms to be directed next?" King Augustus was undoubtedly the one who had first broken the peace, but his attack upon Liefland had failed, thanks to the watchful and experienced warrior field-marshal, Eric Dahlberg. On the other hand, Czar Peter was a far more dangerous enemy, both through his personal qualities and the magnitude of his forces; whilst behind him stood the most dangerous nation in

Europe, which had substantial advantages to gain at the expense of Sweden. Charles did not even confide his plans to his nearest friend. Prominent men of action do not generally *talk* much of their plans, whilst the treacherous conduct of which the three monarchs had been guilty towards Sweden had fostered in the young king a keen desire to keep secret the aim of every pending action. And here we have one of the most distinguishing traits in the character of our hero. He evaded all questions and representations for peace from the foreign envoys, accelerating the embarkation of his army at Carlshamn. Without giving the enemy time for action, ay, before he even knew the result of the Danish campaign, his troops landed at Pernau, and stood in the heart of Esthland, hastening to the aid of Narva, hotly pressed by the Russians.

I need not enlarge here upon that remarkable battle, where a handful of our ancestors against many times their number gained one of the most complete victories of which history tells. The actual fight consisted in the storming of the earthworks, hastily thrown up by the enemy, with which he attempted to protect his siege works threatened in the rear. Although at first glance this might seem to hinder progress, it was not so. The Russian forces, very raw and badly organized, were far too much extended, and as one division had to be turned towards the town to prevent a sortie, it could be but of little assistance to the other. An opportune snowstorm hid the two small Swedish columns of attack, and the surprise was complete, the number of prisoners taken being so great that our troops were insufficient and too exhausted to guard them. The king gave them their liberty the next day. The trophies were as numerous as glorious, among them being a large number of the very Swedish guns recently presented to the czar. The news of the victory spread far and wide, and the memory of it will live among us forever. Yet still that Narva day, in spite of the lustre it shed upon Sweden and Charles the Twelfth, was not a lucky day for either. The victory, although dearly purchased, was too miraculous and too easily won, and fostered a contempt for the antagonist which bore evil fruit. The great czar saw through his opponent, whilst at the same time admiring him. From his own reverses and the character of his enemy he learnt a valuable lesson, by which he understood how to benefit, and although the

benefit was at our expense, justice cannot deny him this honor.

Several voices at the Swedish headquarters were raised in favor of continuing the campaign against Russia, and nothing seemed, indeed, more natural. King Augustus, frightened by the rapid successive news of misfortune from the theatres of war, desired and sued for peace, and it is most probable that the czar, vanquished and deserted by both his allies, would also have been compelled to sheathe the sword. It would, indeed, seem as if the guardian angel of Sweden at that moment raised its warning hand before the youthful hero king so favored by fortune. With one foot already in the grave, the chancellor of the realm, Bengt Oxenstierna, entreated the king to listen to the proposals for peace following such a splendid victory. The king's favorite and influential companion, Count Piper, also supported this advice; but neither of them was listened to. The *third* enemy was as yet not vanquished *by the sword*. Two reasons may have determined Charles's decisions—first, his anger at King Augustus's treachery, particularly as he considered him the real instigator of the whole plot; and, secondly, apprehension that if he at once accepted their promises of peace, his enemies, now for the time conquered, would again attack him at the first opportune moment. The latter reason is particularly emphasized by some of his eulogists. Without denying the weight of this argument, and bearing in mind that a vanquished foe never accepts a forced peace with good grace, and generally nourishes the hope of some day having his revenge, we must remember that, nevertheless, prudence may counsel the victor to accept terms. We must further remember that, two of the allies having been completely beaten, and the third begging for peace, the union between them was broken, and the formerly united conspirators were accusing each other of want of sincerity. A fresh alliance was therefore hardly possible. The first reason was a purely *personal* one, weighing much, maybe most, with Charles, inasmuch as his character, his education, as well as the mode of government of his kingdom, led him undoubtedly to consider his own personal feelings in the first instance, never mind what caution prompted. Whatever the reasons may have been, the consequences were calamitous. The dice of war once cast, many and many a year of sorrow and suffering had to pass by, and much blood to



be shed, before peace once more reigned in the North.

In the course of the year 1700 Sweden had succeeded in gathering and organizing all her forces. In Liefland there stood before the next campaign sixteen thousand cavalry and twenty-eight thousand five hundred infantry troops.\* At the beginning of December, 1700, the king with a portion of his forces marched southwards. The general opinion was that the object was Courland, where some Saxon troops were stationed; but shortly afterwards, to the surprise of every one, the king went into winter quarters in the south of Liefland. The enemy thus obtained a respite whilst the Swedish arms rested. Russia and Poland again concluded a compact, but Denmark, *with which country peace had been fully concluded*, did not join it. This is characteristic of the situation. King Augustus was able by intrigue and promises for the moment to strengthen his party in Poland; but Charles was not idle, devoting his time during the winter diligently to affairs of state and the exercise and hardening of his soldiers.

When midsummer, 1701, was past, he first struck his camp, and entered Courland with an army of about twenty thousand men. The passage of the river Dürna, hotly contested by the Saxon field-marshal Steinau, was effected with skill and courage, and the beaten enemy retreated into Poland. But Charles did not follow them up. He marched slowly along the borders of Lithallen, as if hesitating about taking the decisive step, although fully and irrevocably decided upon in his heart—a decision from which neither the humble representatives of Augustus, nor the prayers of the lovely Aurora Königs-mark, nor proposals of mediation from foreign envoys, nor the warnings of his chief generals or councillors, could sway him. The crown of Poland—behold the prize of victory!

Internal dissension in that unhappy country seemed to encourage Charles's plans, which were further strengthened by the memory of the irresistible arms of his grandfather and the dissatisfaction of the nation towards the Saxon elector foisted upon them. The rich and influential family at Sapieharnes, whose arrogance and

thirst for power Augustus attempted to curtail, openly declared in favor of Charles, whilst other influential and prominent men in Poland also contributed by their complaints to the cause of Charles, and finally many a band of soldiers deserted to him from the Polish army. All these causes egged Charles on to an undertaking upon which opinions are divided, but upon the final results of which, as regards our country, there can be only one.

In March, 1702, the Swedish army entered Poland, rapidly nearing the heart of the country. Warsaw was captured without resistance, the Assembly shattered and pursued by the Swedes. King Augustus fled southwards. At Klissow, where he at last nerved himself for defence, he was completely beaten, and was compelled to fly to Sandomir, then to the fortress Thorn, where some of his faithful Saxon troops had collected anew. The gates of Cracow flew open before the Swedish king, who now found himself in possession of both capitals, whilst his arms held possession of the rest of the country.

However, we should be carried too far were we to follow step by step the Swedish arms. Everywhere they were victorious, and names such as Frauenstadt, Punitz, and Pultusk will never be forgotten. The campaign consisted in reality partly of rapid and fatiguing pursuits of retreating troops or party leaders, and partly of tedious besieging of strongholds still in the hands of Augustus. The mode of warfare, therefore, does not seem to display any grand plans; but it should be remembered that movements were often strategical, determined by purely political considerations, and that all the time diplomatic negotiations were being carried on at the Swedish headquarters.

Finally, after much hesitation and many preparations, King Augustus was, in February, 1704, declared to have forfeited the crown of Poland at a congress summoned by the cardinal primate of Warsaw. Charles's principal aim was thus gained, and the question now was to find a suitable successor. He decided to select as such a native of Poland—a very wise decision—for if ever a strong, friendly power could be made of Poland, which its own as well as our best interests prompted, its sceptre should not be entrusted to some foreign reigning prince who coveted the distinction from personal aggrandizement, but to one who fought and acted as a *Pole*. Charles's first choice, too, was the best.

There was a name which evoked the

\* At home were left about twenty thousand men of all arms, whilst in Pomerania, Wismar, and Bremen were also located as many. The total force of all arms was about ninety thousand men, half being under the command of Charles, although spread along the whole eastern frontier.

same enthusiasm in the breast of every Pole as that of the great Napoleon in modern France. That name was Sobieski. King John Sobieski, the saviour of Vienna from the swords of the infidels, and at the same time the most pre-eminent regent of Poland, had three sons, and the eldest of them, Jacob, soon attracted the notice of Charles, and might truly have been capable of uniting the divided parties. He was summoned to the Swedish headquarters from the exile into which he and his brothers had been driven by Augustus, but during his journey through Silesia, although that territory was a neutral one, the latter had him and his brother Constantine imprisoned. This idea, therefore, came to nothing, and Charles, after mature reflection, declared in favor of the reign of the noble house of Leczinski—Stanislaus Leczinski. This noble was a just, unselfish, and mild-tempered man, who afterwards, during a more peaceful portion of his reign, proved to be a good ruler; but he lacked, unfortunately, that tempered hardness of character and resolute self-reliance which was necessary to gain the moral influence of ascendancy required for his task. He was elected king at the diet in Warsaw, on the 2nd of July, 1704, but not till after a stormy sitting, and the election was far from being unanimous. Thus violent protests on the part of an opposition congress, dissatisfaction over the war-taxes levied by the Swedish troops, together with Augustus's delusive promises and the dissensions of the native nobility, delayed for a long while the ardent desire of Charles. But events soon exercised an irresistible pressure. King Augustus had been finally beaten at Pultusk, and was wandering like a hunted man from spot to spot, while the grandson of Charles the Tenth stood in the heart of the vanquished land, with his army in all the lustre of victory, maintaining the simple nobility of his character. A large portion of the imaginative Polish nation was fired by this picture into mighty enthusiasm, and the memory of the Swedish hero-king survives to the present day among them. This feeling for our hero caused the Polish crown to be given to his *protégé*, but it could not preserve it to him for long. It may indeed be said that Stanislaus was never king *de facto*, for when some years later it became necessary to withdraw the Swedish troops from Poland he dared not remain, but left his kingdom with them to find a shelter in their midst.

Whilst Charles was occupying Poland

with the main army, great events were occurring upon our eastern frontier, the czar having commenced impetuous and cruel attacks upon the Swedish possessions around the Finnish Gulf. They were defended but by a few companies and garrisons, spread all over the country, and the Russian giant, longing to extend both his feet into the waves of the Baltic, crushed by sheer weight every opposition. Charles himself alone could have arrested the progress of the hordes, but he was far away upon the shores of the Vistula. One after another the fortified towns in Ingermannland, Esthland, and Liefland capitulated, and St. Petersburg, now the capital of the present Russian empire, rose upon the ruin of a Swedish stronghold. Both in speaking and writing it has often been asserted, "An irresistible imperative necessity, an absolute want of breathing have forced Russia to the shores of Finland. That Sweden, sooner or later, in any case, would be compelled to bend before this force was natural—ay, unavoidable." There is a grain of truth in this view. The flow of nations has from time immemorial proceeded from East to West, and it is even doubtful whether the flow has wholly ceased in the present day. The discovery of the New World and the beginning of colonization in the vast continent of North America, occurred at a period when the historical immigration of races from Asia to Europe seemed to have come to an end. This favored its continuance.

Much that has happened and is happening may perhaps be explained thus, but although man is incapable of arresting the march of history and the general progress of his race, every one claiming the name of statesman will not only discountenance, but oppose tooth and nail whatever is injurious to his country. This is a duty upon the altar of which he himself may be sacrificed, but the knowledge and fulfilment of which separates him from the great herd who obey the enticing voice of the hour and follow the spangled banner of chance whithersoever it may lead. The application of this principle to Charles the Twelfth and his action indicates itself. The grave error which he committed when treating the northern theatre of war as of secondary importance, is the more to be regretted, as there was no doubt then still time to arrest for a long time to come the expansion of Russia at our expense.

Only in the heart of his crown lands could King Augustus be forced to re-

nounce the throne and conclude peace. France, anxious to divert an attack from its threatened frontiers, had already for a long while urged an invasion of Saxony. But Charles had put this off month after month, occupying himself the while with adventurous exploits, varied by lengthy and often lamely conducted sieges. Maybe his anxiety was to consolidate Stanislaus better in Poland before he departed, or maybe he desired to demonstrate clearly in the eyes of the world that his attack was solely directed towards the treacherous breaker of the peace, and in no wise against his German possessions. Charles's own remarkable conduct at the Saxon court supports this assumption. True, when at last invading Saxony, he issued stringent orders respecting the contributions which Saxony was called upon to make as a treacherous participator in the long war; but he soon revoked these, and issued a new one, in which severity of law is only directed against his own soldiers for violence and plundering. No real opposition was encountered during the march, and the vanguard of the army was close upon Leipzig when Charles, at the castle of Alt-Raustadt, received offers of peace from the elector. Here, too, arrived many foreign plenipotentiaries, some of the greatest statesmen and soldiers in Europe, most of the German electors, all coming to do homage to the Lion of the North. It is no adulation to say that upon every one the youthful hero of five-and-twenty summers made an everlasting impression by his modest bearing and firmness of character.

OSCAR FREDRIK.

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MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.  
AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.  
CHAPTER XIX.

MR. BRETT CONSULTS THE DOCTOR.

DURING this sultry summer season, while thousands of hard-working professional men were seeking relaxation among the pleasant places of the earth, Eustace Brett continued to plod daily to his police-court, and from the police-court to his club, and so home in the evening to his gloomy house in Keppel Street, without any thought of giving himself a holiday. It was not that he felt no need of one, for he was ill and weary and in desperately

low spirits; but he did not see what difference a change of scene would make to him. Wherever he might go, he must needs be alone, and if his present work was distasteful and sometimes revolting to him, at least it kept him for a certain number of hours from brooding over his own miserable and hopeless affairs.

His troubles had lately become complicated and greatly increased by pecuniary anxiety. His wife's separation from him meant the loss of half the income which he had hitherto enjoyed, and although he had moved into a small house in an unfashionable quarter and had reduced his style of living, he had fallen into a state of morbid alarm, for which there was no real cause, lest he should be unable to make both ends meet. What would become of him if he should be compelled—as he might at any moment be compelled—to resign his appointment through ill-health? What would become of Willie, who, in pursuance of arrangements which had been made long before, was soon to be sent to Eton? The unfortunate man would lie awake at night, tormenting himself with such questions as these, until he reached a state of nervous distraction which was dangerously near lunacy.

In speculating upon Willie's future (because, after all, his own future was a very uninteresting subject to contemplate), it was natural enough that his mental vision should be turned longingly upon his wealthy elder brother. If Sir George would only decide to make the boy his heir, a useless and worn-out man might sing *Nunc dimittis* with resignation, if not with joy; but Sir George was always chary of committing himself, and for some months past Eustace had seen very little of him. He had, it was true, received several invitations to spend a few days at Blaydon Hall; but he had excused himself, pleading that he was not fit for anybody's company save his own. Towards the end of August, however, he suddenly resolved to yield to an urgent entreaty which reached him from Caroline; and deeply shocked Caroline was at her guest's aspect when he arrived.

"What is the matter with you, Eustace?" she exclaimed. "You look at least twenty years older than you have any business to look, and you are the color of—of—well, I never saw anybody such a color. Have you consulted a doctor?"

"I doubt whether any doctor could prescribe for me," Mr. Brett answered gravely. "I am not well; but I am not aware that I have any definite complaint.

That is to say that I have the complaint of worry, which I suppose kills a good many people every year. Unluckily, there is no cure for it."

"I had hoped that you would be free from worry now," Lady Brett said sympathetically, yet a trifle reproachfully, as though she thought it rather unreasonable of him to be worried after having been delivered from his wife. "Is there anything in particular that distresses you?"

"There are many things that distress me," Mr. Brett replied in his cold, dry way. "My conscience for one; my health for another; the obscurity of the future for a third. I am not able to flatter myself that I have done my duty to my wife; I hardly know how to do my duty to my son, and when I die I shall leave him almost unprovided for. I have reasons, as you see, for being worried and distressed."

Lady Brett did her best to reassure him. His conscience, she declared, ought to be perfectly clear, and from the well-stocked storehouse of her memory she produced sundry Biblical quotations in support of that view — which was really ingenious of her. As to his health, he must and should see Sir William Puffin. "That I insist upon, and you shall go to his house if I have to drag you there with my own hands." But with regard to the obscurity of the future she did not say much, because, as a matter of fact, she was ignorant of the provisions of her husband's will, and did not venture to make inquiries respecting them. Sir George, who, socially speaking, was easy to lead, never suffered a woman to interfere with him on matters of business.

That evening, however, she said a few words to her husband, who, like herself, had been much struck by Eustace's deplorable looks. "Something must be done, George; he is simply dying. Of course he ought to have the best advice at once; but it seems to me that he is suffering more in mind than in body. Naturally his chief anxiety is that, if anything should happen to him, his son should be left independent of that horrid woman; and I suppose he has very little to leave."

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Sir George. "He was making a large income at one time; but probably 'that horrid woman,' as you call her, has spent all his savings. Well, I'll think it over and see whether I can be of some comfort to him; but, mind you, I won't bind myself down to any promises. If Eustace had chosen to enter the bank he would have been a rich man now; he didn't choose to see on

which side his bread was buttered, and the consequence is that he is a poor man. That's no fault of mine."

When Sir George returned from the City on the following afternoon he did not fail to repeat these last observations to his brother, whom he had requested to walk with him as far as the home farm. "But," he was good enough to add, "there's no use in lamenting over the mistakes of past years; all we can do now is to make the best of things as they are. From what Caroline tells me, I gather that you are troubled about that lad of yours. Now, I know just what it is: you have fretted until you are altogether below par, and you think you're going to die. That's all stuff and nonsense; you have as sound a constitution as I have; and so Sir William Puffin will tell you when you consult him — which, by the way, you must do without delay. I know he is in town, because I met him the other day in the street. Still, I should be glad to relieve your mind with regard to the boy, if I could. Your wish, I assume, is that, in the event of your death, he should be placed under more desirable guardianship than that of his mother."

Mr. Brett stroked his chin, and replied, after a long pause, that that manner of describing his wishes was not entirely accurate. "I should be sorry," he said, "to imply directly or indirectly that I considered my wife unfit to take charge of her own child. In fact, I have no right to do so. But I cannot shut my eyes to the possibility that after my death she will marry again."

Sir George was unable to suppress a sound which was half a snort, half a laugh. Of course the woman would marry again if she got the chance, and it was not very difficult to guess who her second husband would be.

"And should that come to pass," the younger brother went on calmly, "Willie's prospects would necessarily be precarious and — and unsatisfactory. I am more ill than you suppose, George; I have symptoms which I did not care to mention to Caroline, and which I dare say I should have mentioned to a doctor before now if I hadn't been afraid of his verdict. I am convinced that, even though things may not be so bad as I suspect, I cannot look forward to many more years of life; and therefore, as you truly say, I am troubled about my poor boy. As far as his own conduct goes, he has never given me a moment of trouble," added Mr. Brett, with a wistful look which somehow found its

way to Sir George's not over-sensitive heart.

"Well, well," said the latter roughly, but not unkindly, "the long and the short of it is that you want me to adopt him, I suppose. Now, I'll tell you plainly what I'm prepared to do, Eustace: I'll give him a home, and I'll provide him with a suitable allowance when the time comes, and I'll leave him the half of my property, with the prospect of succeeding to the other half, in which Caroline will take a life interest. But all this must be subject to conditions. I must have authority; I must be constituted his sole guardian—you're a lawyer, and you know better than I do whether that can be legally done; finally, it must be understood that I retain the power to disinherit him at will. I myself am lawyer enough to know that that is a power of which I cannot be deprived; I merely wish to make it clear that, if I consent to stand *in loco parentis* to Willie, I must claim all a father's rights and privileges—including that of cutting him off with a sixpence."

"You relieve my mind of a great weight, George," Mr. Brett answered, sighing. "The conditions that you mention are quite reasonable, and such as any sensible man would exact. As regards the custody of children over seven years of age, a father has full power to appoint a guardian for them, and their mother cannot dispute the guardian's authority, although she may, by application to the Court of Chancery, obtain access to them. That, however, I should not wish to refuse in my wife's case."

"H'm! I'm not sure that I shouldn't wish to refuse it," said Sir George; "but I dare say it wouldn't be very often claimed. Well, now, Eustace, you must try to give up moping and vexing yourself about calamities which are not in the least likely to occur. I won't tie my own hands; but there's no harm in my saying to you, between ourselves, that my nephew will have to behave pretty badly before I shall disinherit him. You go and see Puffin as soon as you can. If he tells you to knock off work for a time, why, you'll have to knock off work, that's all. Her Majesty will allow you to take a furlough, I presume."

All this was very comforting to Mr. Brett, who made an appointment by post with Sir William Puffin the same evening and started on the following day to keep it. He had causes for unhappiness into which he knew that neither his brother nor his sister-in-law could enter, so he

refrained from confiding these to them; but he was grateful to them both for their substantial kindness. "I can bear to hear the worst now," he thought to himself, as he journeyed back to London. "After all, the prospect of death ought not to be particularly terrible to a man who has nothing left to live for."

But perhaps that prospect, by which we are all confronted, is inevitably terrible, and even if it be not, the prospect of a lingering and agonizing death must needs be so. It was in reality the latter prospect that Eustace Brett dreaded. He dreaded it so much that in all his mournful self-communings he had not dared to put his fears into plain language.

Yet when he found himself face to face with the celebrated physician—a stiff, middle-aged man of few words, whose pale countenance betrayed no special interest in this patient—he could not avoid formulating the apprehension from which he implored with tacit pathos to be delivered. He had to name the malady with which it seemed possible that he might be afflicted, and he did so reluctantly and shudderingly.

Sir William, after making a thorough examination and writing down notes of the case, said: "I think your best course will be to consult a surgeon, Mr. Brett. Of course there are many surgeons who are well qualified to advise you as to the next step to be taken; but I may mention that Mr. Ward has a high reputation."

Mr. Brett started; for he well knew the class of operations by means of which the great surgeon in question had made his name. "But that is a death-warrant!" he exclaimed.

"Oh no," answered Sir William soothingly—"oh, dear, no! As to the existence of mischief, I can speak with some certainty; but there is nothing whatsoever to show that it is of a malignant nature. Doubtless it might become so; and that is why I should recommend you to lose no time in consulting Mr. Ward. I sincerely hope that he will be able to set your mind at rest and to convince you that if you will submit to an operation, which is not at all dangerous to life, you will be as well as ever again in a short time. Anyhow, nothing can be worse for you in your present state than mental anxiety. Perhaps you would like me to write a few lines to him and prepare him for your visit?"

Mr. Brett signified assent, paid his fee, and went his way. He had not quite heard the worst; but he was sure that he was going to hear it, and that certainty agitated



him to a degree which filled him with self-contempt. "Surely I am not a coward, in addition to all my other wretched failings," he ejaculated inwardly.

But who knows what constitutes cowardice?—and who can tell whether he possesses the physical courage of which no human being can bear to acknowledge himself devoid until a convincing test has been applied to him?

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE CUTTING OF THE KNOT.

MR. WARD had not yet returned from his annual holiday at the time of Eustace Brett's interview with Sir William Puffin; so that the unfortunate patient had to live through ten days of sickening suspense as best he might. Yet, bad as uncertainty was, it was not so bad as the certainty which he acquired after undergoing an examination at the hands of the great surgeon, and hearing the latter's decisive opinion: "The sooner the operation is performed the better, Mr. Brett."

"Before I make up my mind to submit to an operation, I should like to know the precise nature of the disease," Mr. Brett answered, in a voice which, notwithstanding all his efforts, trembled a little.

The surgeon was a short, thick-set man, whose face was redeemed from insignificance by the brilliancy of his eyes. He had the mouth which is common amongst members of his profession and amongst schoolmasters—a large, thin-lipped mouth, slightly depressed at the corners, expressive of honesty and determination, but of very little tenderness. He said: "I don't think that there is any occasion for you to hesitate on that ground. The operation must be performed; and it will be attended with no risk, apart from that which has to be incurred even in the most trivial operations."

"But will the operation restore me to health?" Mr. Brett inquired.

"That I cannot venture to promise. It may do so. In any event I believe that it will prolong your life."

A pause ensued which lasted nearly a minute. The condemned man looked round the four walls of the consulting-room as if he were seeking for some way of escape; his restless eyes implored some word of hope and comfort, but obtained none. At length he said,—

"In plain words, you have made up your mind as to the nature of my case."

"Unhappily, there can be no doubt about it," replied Mr. Ward at once.

Then came another long pause, which Mr. Brett terminated by saying: "I believe it is admitted that such cases are practically incurable."

"Well, that depends upon circumstances. In the majority of them, no doubt, the disease recurs; but I have operated as long as ten years ago upon persons who are still living and, so far as I am aware, are in good health. It is my duty to tell you that, judging by the doctrine of averages, the chances are against you; but it is also my duty to add that an operation may be the means of securing you many more years of life, whereas, in the absence of an operation, you cannot, humanly speaking, expect to survive another six months."

"Will this operation be a painful business?"

"Of course it will be performed under chloroform. Its after effects will entail a certain amount of pain, but nothing unendurable."

"And to let the disease take its course would, I suppose, involve unendurable pain?"

Mr. Ward shrugged his shoulders. "I ought not, perhaps, to have used the word 'unendurable,'" he answered. "Scarcely a day passes on which I do not see people bearing intense suffering because they are obliged to bear it. I would not voluntarily submit to such suffering myself, nor, I imagine, would any man voluntarily submit to it."

He seemed to be unfeeling; but in truth it was his experience of human cowardice that made him appear so. He could be gentle and sympathizing enough when he had persuaded a patient to acquiesce in his merciful cruelty; only he knew that it was a very mistaken kindness to mince matters at the outset.

"Well," said Mr. Brett, rising, "I will think it over, and let you know my decision in a day or two. At my age it becomes a question whether life is worth preserving upon such conditions as you offer me."

The surgeon bowed gravely and held the door open for his departing visitor, who passed quickly through it and left the house. The fiat had gone forth, then; there was no appeal against it. On the one hand there was the certainty of a painful illness, culminating in a release which might be delayed through interminable months; on the other there was the remote possibility of a cure and the probability of a reprieve, neither of which, however, could be purchased save at the

cost of an ordeal which flesh and blood shudder to contemplate. Eustace Brett, despite his outward coldness, had a highly strung nervous organization, and this had of late been subjected to a strain greater than it was fitted to bear. When he regained the solitude of his study and sat down to think over the alternatives between which he had to choose, he felt convinced that it was out of his power to accept either of them. Death he could accept and even greet as a friend, but not suffering and all the horrors that in his case must accompany it. "Good God! haven't I suffered enough already?" he ejaculated aloud.

The truth was that he had suffered a great deal and for a long time, and had borne his burden manfully enough. He had been ambitious, and had seen the hopeless wreck of all his aspirations; he had loved his wife, as perhaps only men of his peculiar stamp can love, with unswerving fidelity, and had been forced to recognize the fact that she not only did not love him, but that he was positively hateful to her; latterly he had had physical as well as mental miseries to contend against; and now, as he sat in his arm-chair, recalling the past and trying to imagine the future, his feeling was that he was fairly beaten. When a man can fight no longer, when the limit of his endurance has been reached, he must give in. He is no more to be blamed for that than a horse who has tried his utmost is to be blamed for being beaten in a race by a better horse, or than a garrison is to be blamed for surrendering when the last crust has been eaten and the last cartridge fired.

So Eustace Brett reasoned with himself; but as he labored under the disadvantage of being strictly honest, he could not admit in this hour of his extremity what he had all his life denied, that suicide may sometimes be justifiable. All that he could urge in extenuation of a sin which he had resolved to commit was that at least it would harm no one but himself. Many men put an end to themselves in order to shirk the troubles which their removal necessarily brings down upon others; but such was not his case. To those whom he loved best his death would be a blessing rather than a misfortune; he would pass out of the world without causing the heart of a single fellow-creature to ache; Marcia would marry again, and Willie would find a home much happier than Keppel Street could ever have been made for him.

Now, therefore, it only remained for him to set his affairs in order; and this did not take very long. He had already made a will, in which he had bequeathed all that he possessed to his son, to be held in trust until the latter should come of age; to this he added a formal appointment of his brother as the boy's sole guardian. Then he took a sheet of note-paper, and with much deliberation, studying each sentence carefully before he wrote it down, composed the following letter:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—

"I have this day learnt that I am, in all human probability, within a stone's throw of death. My life, I am told, may possibly be protracted by an operation to which I have not yet decided to submit, and from which, if I do submit to it, I may of course not recover. Should I prefer to let the disease take its course, there is the chance of my finding myself at any moment incapacitated. I think, therefore, that while I retain full possession of my faculties I should write a few words to you which I might have difficulty in saying if you were here.

"I want you to understand that, in my opinion, no blame attaches to my wife for the unhappy differences which have brought about our separation. The secret of it all is that she has never cared for me, while I have cared for her—I won't say too much; but so much that life without her is an infinitely greater misery to me than life with her used to be. And that means a great deal. The way in which I chose to deal with her was probably most injudicious. I thought I would not claim anything from her that she could not freely give, and I suppose the inference that she drew from my behavior—in fact, she has given me to understand that she drew that inference—was that I was cold and indifferent, whereas I was nothing of the sort. As I said before, I do not think that the repugnance which she certainly feels for me is blameworthy, nor have I the right to bring any accusation against her. Nevertheless, I cannot wish that our son should be left under her care. I have many reasons for this, some of which you will guess, while others will most likely not occur to you. I merely desire to repeat that I gratefully accept your generous offer to take charge of the boy after my death, and that I do not doubt your willingness and Caroline's to replace his parents, in so far as that can be done. He is, I know, deeply attached to his mother, and I do not ask that they should

be forbidden to meet from time to time; but, looking forward into the future, as a moribund can, I think I can foresee that the affection which she now entertains for him will ere long be replaced by other and equally natural affections, and that he, being still a mere child, will be spared some subsequent pain by being at once and finally severed from the associations of his early years. I will, however, leave the matter to your judgment, in which I have full confidence. I have nearly done with this world, and perhaps it would scarcely become me to dictate with regard to affairs which nobody can be more painfully aware than I am that I have mismanaged while they were in my hands.

"I am, my dear George,  
"Your grateful and affectionate brother,  
"EUSTACE BRETT."

It was growing dusk when Mr. Brett concluded this singularly ill-advised, yet thoroughly characteristic missive. He rose from his writing-table and, moving towards the window, gazed out into the dismal street. A long spell of sultry weather had been broken in the morning by a thunder-storm; drizzling rain was now falling, and there was a chill in the air which made him shiver. "By this time to-morrow," he thought, "I shall have ceased to be. I shall have unlocked the door which millions of human beings have tried in vain to force, I shall have solved the enigma which is as complete an enigma to pious men and philosophers as it is to the most ignorant of savages. What happens after death? Isn't it an odd thing that nobody has the slightest idea. The Roman Church, perceiving that it was necessary to invent something, has invented purgatory; our own Church speaks with a somewhat uncertain voice of paradise, but is silent upon the subject of suicides and other wicked persons, who can't expect to be admitted into that place of rest. I have always been taught that a suicide is an especially wicked person, because his last act is a sin of which it is impossible that he should repent; but I am not sure that I believe it. Suicide is a sin; I don't dispute that. Only it seems to me that if there is mercy for those who have sinned all their lives long and repent upon their death-beds, there should be mercy for an unhappy wretch who has tried to do his duty, to the very last, and only breaks down because the burden laid upon him is greater than he can bear."

He desisted from these reflections after a time, finding that they brought him

neither conviction nor comfort. What it now behoved him to decide upon was the method in which his release was to be accomplished; and this was a question which he spent a long time in debating. Everybody desires to die without pain, if that may be — indeed it was in order to escape pain that he had resolved to die — and of course an over-dose of chloral or some other anæsthetic would supply him with what he wanted. But there are acts of Parliament which render the purchase of an over-dose of chloral a matter of some difficulty; added to which, he felt that it would be unpardonably selfish on his part to terminate his existence after a fashion which should preclude all doubt as to the deed having been intentional. For his wife's sake, and especially for his son's sake, he must contrive by some means or other to make sure of a verdict of "accidental death." It is not a man's fault that his father has hanged himself, or even that his father has been hanged; but either event is like to prove prejudicial to him through life. "The very least that I can do," thought Mr. Brett, "is to abstain from inflicting an injury upon one whose natural protector I am, and whom I am about to abandon."

It is needless to follow the unhappy man through all the schemes and doubts and hesitations which kept him awake during three-fourths of what he had determined should be his last night on earth. When he rose the next morning, he had made up his mind as to the plan which he meant to adopt, and although his blood ran cold when he thought about it, he did not doubt but that he would have courage enough to carry it out. He was, indeed, somewhat surprised at his own coolness and composure, which exempted him from any painful efforts at self-control. All that had hitherto agitated and distressed him seemed suddenly to have lost the power to do so, and the only emotion of which he was conscious was impatience. A good many hours still remained to be lived through before the supreme moment could come.

He employed them, as usual, at the police-court and at his club. The latter establishment was almost empty, as it had been for some months past; but he counted upon meeting one member of it, a barrister with a large family, who was spending the long vacation in London for economical reasons, and his expectation was not disappointed. This burly, jovial Mr. Robertson strolled into the reading-room between five and six o'clock, and finding that

it contained but one occupant, violated the club rules by beginning to talk in a loud voice.

"Well, Brett, how are you? Got the whole place to ourselves, eh? One of the many advantages of taking no holiday. I suppose you'll compare me to the tailless fox; but, upon my word, I'd much rather be in my own comfortable house than in miserable seaside lodgings, and I suppose your being here is a proof that you think as I do."

"London suits me as well as any other place," Mr. Brett replied. "Perhaps I have to breathe a rather smokier atmosphere in Keppel Street than you do in West Kensington. By the way, I have some business which will take me to your neighborhood presently; we might go so far together if you are bound homewards. You generally make use of the underground railway, don't you?"

"Either of that or of the omnibus; but I suppose you wouldn't like to be seen on a knifeboard? Come along, then; we'll walk across to the St. James's Park Station, and take the first train to Earl's Court."

Mr. Robertson, who was blessed with robust health, and was disposed to take it for granted that other people were in the same happy case until he received convincing proof to the contrary, did not notice his friend's haggard appearance at first, but when they were out in the street he was struck by the feebleness and uncertainty of the latter's gait.

"I'll tell you what it is, Brett," said he; "I believe you do want a holiday after all. Why, you're walking like an old man of eighty."

"I have been out of health for some time," replied Mr. Brett, "and latterly I have been troubled with sudden fits of giddiness. I suppose that is what makes me so shaky on my legs."

He changed the subject immediately, and introduced a professional one, which was perhaps more interesting to his companion. Whether the lord chief justice had been technically right or wrong in a recent judgment was a matter of small consequence to Eustace Brett, but it was of considerable consequence to him that Mr. Robertson's attention should be pleasantly engaged, so he argued in favor of the losing side with a good deal of ingenuity.

A warm discussion followed, which was maintained the whole way to the station, and was still full of vitality on the platform, up and down which the disputants paced while waiting for their train. Mr.

Brett, who had been glancing furtively over his shoulder while the other laid down the law, came to an abrupt standstill, and was apparently upon the point of making some telling rejoinder, when a warning voice shouted, "Stand back, there!"

"Take care, Brett!" exclaimed Mr. Robertson; and for the rest of his life that innocent man accused himself of having brought about a sad disaster by his stupidity.

"One should never startle a man who is in a position of danger," he said penitently to his wife afterwards; "one should pull him out of it. Why I didn't catch hold of poor Brett I can't tell you; perhaps there wasn't time. I may have bewildered him by calling out, or he may have been seized by one of the attacks of giddiness to which he had just told me that he was subject; anyhow, he staggered back instead of taking a step forward, and in a moment it was all over. He fell across the line just in front of the engine, and was simply cut to pieces. The most awful sight I ever saw in my life! One comfort is that death must have been instantaneous."

Death was unhesitatingly pronounced by the coroner's jury to have been accidental; and indeed the evidence submitted to them was not such as to justify any other verdict. Sir William Puffin and Mr. Ward may have had their own opinion; but, if so, they kept it to themselves, as sensible men should under such circumstances, and it was only Lady Brett who was indiscreet enough to say to her friends, "That wretched woman was the real cause of the tragedy. I don't condemn poor dear Eustace, because I am convinced that his mind was unbinged; but I do, and I always shall, condemn her!"

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From The National Review.

#### THE REAL CAUSE OF PRINCE BISMARCK'S RETIREMENT.

IN the wide range of that most interesting and most adequate of all the various departments of French literature, its biographical memoirs, no more striking passage, I think, is to be found than that in which Brienne describes one of the closing incidents in the life of Mazarin, after the famous physician, Guénaud, had apprised him that he was mortally stricken by disease, and had at most but two months more wherein to live.

Un jour [dit Brienne] je me promenais dans les appartements neufs de son palais (c'est la grande galerie qui longe la rue de Richelieu et qui conduisait à sa bibliothèque); j'étais dans la petite galerie où l'on voyait une tapisserie tout en laine qui représentait Scipion, exécutée sur les dessins de Jules Romain; le cardinal n'en avait pas de plus belle. Je l'entendis venir, au bruit que faisaient ses pantoufles, qu'il traînait comme un homme fort languissant et qui sortait d'une grande maladie. Je me cachai derrière la tapisserie et je l'entendis qui disait: "*Il faut quitter tout cela!*" Il s'arrêtait à chaque pas, car il était fort faible et se tenait tantôt d'un côté, tantôt de l'autre; et jetant les yeux sur l'objet qui lui frappait la vue, il disait du profond du cœur: "*Il faut quitter tout cela!*" Et se tournant, il ajoutait "Et encore cela! Que j'ai eu de peine à acquérir ces choses! puis-je les abandonner sans regret? . . . Je ne les verrai plus où je vais!" J'entendis ces paroles très distinctement; elles me touchèrent peut-être plus qu'il n'en était touché lui-même. Je fis un grand soupir que je ne pus retenir, et il m'entendit. "Qui est là?" dit-il; "qui est là?" "C'est moi, Monseigneur, qui attendais le moment de parler à votre Eminence." "Approchez, approchez," me dit-il d'un ton fort dolent. Il était nu dans sa robe de chambre de camelot fourrée de petit-gris, et avait son bonnet de nuit sur la tête; il me dit: "Donnez-moi la main; je suis bien faible; je n'en puis plus." "Votre Eminence ferait bien de s'asseoir." Et je voulus lui porter une chaise. "Non," dit-il, "non; je suis bien aise de me promener, et j'ai affaire dans ma bibliothèque." Je lui présentai le bras, et il s'appuya dessus. Il ne vouloit point que je lui parlasse d'affaires. "Je ne suis plus," me dit-il, "en état de les entendre; parlez-en au Roi, et faites ce qu'il vous dira: j'ai bien d'autres choses maintenant dans la tête." Et revenant à sa pensée: "Voyez-vous, mon ami, ce beau tableau du Corrège, et encore cette Venus de Titien, et cet incomparable Déluge d'Antonio Carrache, car je sais que vous aimez les tableaux et que vous vous y connaissez très-bien; *Ah, mon pauvre ami, il faut quitter tout cela!* Adieu, chers tableaux que j'ai tant aimés, et qui m'ont tant coûté!"

The passage is so remarkable, and bears so closely on my subject, that some may possibly be glad to have it rendered into English:—

One day [said Brienne] I was walking in the new apartments of Mazarin's palace (it is the large gallery which runs along the Rue Richelieu, and which led to his library). I was in the small gallery wherein there was a piece of tapestry which represented the life of Scipio. The Cardinal possessed no more lovely specimens. I could tell it was he who was coming, by the sound of his slippers, in which he shuffled along like one exceedingly feeble, and who has just emerged from a serious illness. I placed myself behind the piece of tapestry,

and heard him say, "*And I must bid farewell to all this!*" At each fresh step he halted, for he was very weak, and supported himself first on one limb and then on the other; and casting his eyes on whatever work of art met his gaze, he again said, as from the very bottom of his heart, "*And I must bid farewell to all this!*" Gazing round, he added, "*What pains I gave myself to procure all these things! How can I give them up without regret? Where I am going, I shall see them no more.*" I heard these words quite distinctly, and was touched by them perhaps even more than he was himself. I heaved a deep sigh, which I could not repress, and he heard me. "Who is it?" he said. "Who is it?" "Tis I, Sir; I was waiting for an opportunity to speak to your Eminence." "Come nearer, nearer," he said, in a voice marked by suffering. He was in his woollen dressing-gown lined with grey squirrel, and had his nightcap on. "Give me your arm," he said, I am dreadfully weak, and can walk no farther." "Your Eminence would do well to be seated a little;" and I wanted to bring him a chair. "No," said he, "no, I prefer to walk, and I have something to see in my library." I offered him my arm, and he leaned on it. He would not allow me to speak to him concerning public affairs. "I am no longer," he said, "in a condition to understand them. Mention them to the king, and do what he bids you. I now have many other things to think of." Then reverting to his original reflection, "Look, my friend, at that lovely painting by Correggio, at that Venus by Titian, at that incomparable Deluge by Antonio Carracci, for I know you love pictures and can appreciate them. Alas! my dear friend, I must bid farewell to all that. Adieu, cherished objects that I have so much loved, and that cost me so much to acquire!"

When Mazarin died, he was fifty-nine, and worn out by living. But he remained, to the last, nominally first minister of state, the young king, Louis Fourteenth, being then twenty-three years of age. On the morrow of his demise, the king observed, "I scarce know what I should have done had he lived longer." But who can doubt that the author of the famous saying, "L'état c'est moi!" would have been compelled to part with the domineering cardinal, the trusted and powerful minister of his predecessor? Happily, for the reputation of both, death solved the question, and removed the difficulty.

Between Mazarin, dying of exhaustion at fifty-nine, and Prince Bismarck still vigorous at seventy-five, most people would at first discern a contrast rather than a parallel. But William the Second and Louis the Fourteenth, at the opening of their respective reigns, present many common aspects to the observer, and the similarity of the authority wielded by Cardinal Mazarin in



France, and by Prince Bismarck in Germany before those monarchs came to the throne, is very striking. Finally the regret with which the two statesmen relinquished what they had so much enjoyed, is identical. *Il faut quitter tout cela!* Is it Mazarin, or Bismarck, whom we overhear? Mazarin loved position and authority; but he loved his tapestries, his Correggios, his art collection, with equal passion. To Prince Bismarck, power has been art, beauty, refinement, material possessions — everything! He still lives; but he too has had to go where he "sees these things no more." Nay, is not his lot worse than that of Mazarin? The sensuous cardinal had but to *quitter tout cela*, to give up what he so dearly cherished; while Prince Bismarck has to live on, and behold all that he loved in the possession of another.

Death is an arbiter who gives, and from whom we ask, no explanation. Its decree is not questioned, because it is irreversible. But the dismissal, or retirement of a great statesman, while still in the full possession of his intellectual power, and still retaining the admiration and confidence of his countrymen, so long as it remains unexplained, must perforce excite speculation and controversy.

What was the real cause of Prince Bismarck's retirement? A score of reasons have been alleged, each of them insufficient, and none of them accurate. It is not worth while to recapitulate or scrutinize them; for they have already, for the most part, faded into that limbo whither all allegations, false and fantastic, finally betake themselves. But it seems all the more strange that the young monarch should have got rid of the old minister, when we consider that, after the general election, the prince declared to more than one person, and to the English ambassador at Berlin among them, that he intended to retire in the month of May. The emperor must necessarily have been acquainted with that declaration; a circumstance which might make men wonder that he did not wait till he could have said, like Louis the Fourteenth, with a slight but not substantial alteration of meaning, *Je ne sais ce que j'aurais fait s'il avait vécu plus longtemps*.

It is in these words, borrowed from another sovereign and another century, rather than in any specific differences of opinion on matters of State policy, that we must seek for the real cause of Prince Bismarck's relinquishment, whether we regard it as voluntary or compulsory, or

partly one and partly the other, of all his offices under the Prussian and Imperial crowns. What would, what could, the emperor have done, had Prince Bismarck "lived much longer;" in other words, had he remained for the term of his natural life chancellor of the empire? Few will believe that the intimation given by the prince, in conversation with various people, that he intended to retire in May, was so sincere, or at any rate so steadfast, that it would have been proof against a request by the emperor that he would abandon it. The elections, it is true, had proved a disappointment to him; and he would have found it even unprecedentedly difficult to manipulate the new Reichstag so as to mould it to his will. But Prince Bismarck is not the man to run away from a difficulty; and it is far more probable that he scattered these *ambiguas voces* about his disposition to withdraw from public life, only for the purpose of inducing the emperor betimes to let him have his own way in dealing with the new Parliament. In that event, the old comedy would have been acted afresh. The prince would have begged to be permitted to retire. The sovereign would have protested, and refused his consent. The prince would have expounded the difficulties of the situation, stated the only means by which in his opinion they could be overcome, would have made the adoption of these means a *sine quâ non* condition of his remaining at the helm, would have carried his point, and once again triumphed. For it must be remembered that Prince Bismarck is, before and above all things, a diplomatist. If I may be allowed the expression, he diplomatizes with everybody. Those who have had to deal with him know well that he treats everything as a game that has to be played with skill and forethought. His *bontomie*, his wit, his good-humor, even his *calinerie* — for he is not without it — are all of them moves on a board on which he wishes to check, and, if necessary, checkmate somebody. He has far too penetrating an observation not to have been aware, from the moment William II. mounted the throne, that a struggle for mastery would arise between him and his new sovereign. It is as true in Germany to-day, as it was in England in the time of Shakespeare's Henry the Fourth, that

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

And who cannot hear Bismarck replying in the very words of Hotspur? —

Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come  
To end the one of us.

As a fact, it had; and if there be any cause for surprise, it is, not that the hour had come, but that it did not come sooner. By dint of repeated threats of resignation, Prince Bismarck contrived to have his way with the first emperor on nearly all occasions; and if once or twice William the First was immovable, it was comparatively easy for the prince to yield to a monarch so much his elder, and who in most matters was certain to humor him. That a breach between the emperor Frederick and the masterful minister would have come sooner or later, had the former lived really to reign, not even those who best bear in mind the sweetness of his disposition can doubt, though he might have been more patient and long-suffering than his young, impetuous, and commanding son, Prince Bismarck's own pupil. It is useless to seek to shut one's eyes to the fact that Prince Bismarck could have maintained himself in his old position during the present reign, only on condition of the virtual abdication of the sovereign; and Hohenzollerns do not abdicate. Their conceptions of government, their traditions of duty, their inherited ideas of royal prerogative, do not permit them to suffer their being ousted from the first place in the State. *Ego et Rex Meus* is not a construction they can tolerate. They do not brook a double reign.

At the same time, while the share of the emperor in causing the retirement of Prince Bismarck, may thus, without controversy over details that would serve no good purpose, be amply justified by the fundamental facts of the situation, it would be exceedingly unjust to blame, and still more to condemn, Prince Bismarck for what has happened; and nothing is further from my intention than to convey the impression that he ought to have shown himself more accommodating, to have gracefully surrendered the greater portion of his long-exercised power, and, to use a familiar metaphor, having driven the coach so long, to have taken a back seat. I do not think he was bound to do so. Of his responsibility he could never have divested himself in the eyes of his countrymen, so long as he shared conspicuously in the management of their affairs, as he must have continued to do by retaining his old offices, even though the emperor's had virtually become the directing mind and deciding will. Never did any statesman accept greater or graver responsibilities than Prince Bismarck gradually and con-

tinuously assumed in the twenty-eight years during which he held the reins of power. Such as Germany now is, such Prince Bismarck has made it. If it is to become a different Germany, the hand to modify it must be found elsewhere; and it would be grossly unjust to expect Prince Bismarck to saddle himself with ostensible responsibility, whether wholly or in part, for courses of which he did not heartily approve. Nor is it any answer to plead that it is not going to be a different Germany. Perhaps it is; perhaps it is not. But the driver is the driver, conducts the team, and chooses the road; and we never yet heard of a famous whip consenting to descend from the box, and, getting up behind, content himself with blowing the horn and wearing a smart uniform.

For what has happened, no one is to blame; neither the emperor, nor Prince Bismarck. All that has occurred was natural and inevitable. We can only hope that Prince Bismarck will not cast about him for an imaginary culprit, and, forfeiting his dignity as well as his power, cause one to exclaim:—

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Prince Bismarck, it must be allowed, has always comported himself in adversity and irritation, rather according to Hellenic than to English conceptions of greatness. In the heroes of the *Iliad*, he will perhaps find a justification for unpacking his heart with curses, when stirred by displeasure and outraged by the supposed ingratitude of men and proved infidelity of the gods. But I think he will best consult his higher fame and the interests of his countrymen by imitating Lord Beaconsfield, whom he so much admires, and who made it a point "never to complain." I earnestly hope he will not take, as his model, Philoctetes in Lemnos, as described by Sophocles, bellowing with pain, when he thinks his weapons have been taken from him.

Thou fire, thou terror of the world, thou thrice  
Abhorred piece of cunning villainy.  
How hast thou wronged me! How hast thou  
deceived me!

Thou hast ta'en away my life with yonder  
bow!

nor compel Herr von Bötticher, or anybody, to reply, like Ulysses:—

'Tis Zeus, I tell you, monarch of this isle,  
Who thus hath willed. I am his Minister.

Better to imitate Regulus:—

Tendens Venafranum in agros  
Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum,

and, under far less trying circumstances, dignify his exile at Varzin or Friedrichsruh by resignation and silence. But the thought, *Il faut quitter tout cela!* may perhaps prove too bitter to be borne.

His real successor, the emperor himself, has given proof both of strong will and original genius. He has now to convince the world of the soundness of his judgment. Should he do so, Germany will prosper, and Europe will rejoice. England has no reason to dread or regret the change, so far as the relations of this country with the German Empire are involved in it. Prince Bismarck was a somewhat exacting friend; often, personally inaccessible; and sometimes employing methods of negotiation peculiar to himself, not wholly agreeable to the other party to the bargain. There is every reason to believe that the emperor will be loyal and straightforward in all his dealings.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
RONALD LESTER.

### I.

I AM about to write down the story of the woman I loved. She never for a moment loved me. I suppose she might have been a happy woman if she could have done so; but that I cannot tell. Some natures seem to need sorrow, and to seek it; and yet these natures are, I think, those that feel it most. It is a common saying that we desire what will make us happy. This I do not believe. We desire that which inherited instinct compels us to desire, that which has tended to procure the survival of the race, and not that which has secured its ease, its joy, its comfort. These things may indeed be part of the conditions which help it to exist; they are as frequently the conditions which tend to its decay and destruction. It is certain that the conditions even of our own modern society require that there should be a large number of women whose instinct it is to sacrifice themselves, who cannot love the men who offer them a life of pure ease and indulgence; and Dora Wyntree was one of those women.

I knew her first as a young and brilliant girl, much loved and much admired. She stood on the sunny heights of life, and seemed, as she cast her bright eyes round her, to seek a path in which she could tread firmly and gladly, and to be sure of finding such a path. She did not desire ease, but I thought her destined to joyful

work; she could not live a life of selfishness, but she seemed assured of one full of happy love.

The first thing in which she dissatisfied her friends was her refusal of several suitable offers of marriage; the second was her engagement to Ronald Lester. He was a quiet and grave young man, and he was poor. Though perfectly respectable he had no very desirable connections; he was in a mercantile house, and could look forward to no brilliant prospects either of wealth or position; he was liked and respected by every one who knew him, but he possessed no qualities which promised distinction in the future. Nevertheless he was one of those men who know how to attach others, especially women, to themselves. His few friends would have done almost anything that he asked them; his one sister, who had died unmarried, had been passionately devoted to him; and all those with whom he was at all intimate valued his society to a degree that seemed to me extravagant. Though I loved Dora myself, I never wondered that she preferred him. I have myself felt vaguely the charm of his personality. This personality pervaded all he did. His views on every subject were original, the direct result of his own conclusions and no reflection of other men's. Therefore, to a woman weary of the drifting commonplaces of society, his directness and simplicity of thought and speech must have been intensely refreshing. He also put his opinions into practice more than most men do. This in itself must make the life of any woman who lived with him no easy one; but a brave woman was likely to love him all the better for that. He seldom spoke of himself, but when he did it was without those little disguises which are common in society. He could afford to do without them. He seemed to have no thoughts that were mean or evil. His ideals were high, his impulses generous. And so, with a timidity unlike her frank pleasantness to others, she encouraged him and sought to know him better; and before she quite knew him, or was sure what she meant herself, she found herself pledged to a passionate devotion which life alone could end, which was, henceforth, all her life to her.

She had meant it to be, in any case, only a part of her life, to help her with other duties and ambitions; but Ronald, when he accepted her love, demanded also the absorption of her thoughts, her desires, her plans, her affections, her convictions, into his own. He gave her in return a

passionate tenderness, admiration, and gratitude which were, I suppose, a sufficient reward for anything that she might sacrifice to him.

At any rate she was very happy, happier than I could have made her, though I should have loved her in a different way. But her life henceforth was not one of roses. They were engaged for five years. The first year Ronald spent in England, the next four were passed in Australia, where he accepted an appointment on which he hoped in time to be able to marry. I believe that, if he had followed a mode of life which was personally more distasteful to him, he might have remained in England and married sooner; but Dora was satisfied with all he did. I do not wonder at it, because she saw straight into his heart, which was always open to her, and found there only a passionate love for herself and an intense determination to make no compromise with anything mean or ignoble.

Dora had belonged to an opulent family. She had been educated by a rich and childless uncle; but his death left her penniless and without many friends. Her worldly minded relatives had been alienated by her engagement to Ronald Lester—or they found it convenient to say so—and her uncle had left his fortune elsewhere. If she had married according to his wishes he would without doubt have provided for her sufficiently. As it was, he left her to realize the full consequences of her obstinacy, as he had considered it, and she was glad to accept the situation as governess which some one offered to her after his death. I had a home which she might have shared, and at the time there was a rumor that her engagement had been broken off. I therefore ventured to come forward and speak for myself.

She was angry at first, but when I told her of the rumor she forgave me. She looked at me with her large, dark eyes, and said softly, "But if it were broken off, I could not marry anybody else. Do you think one could feel—that sort of thing—twice over?"

"Many people do,—most people," I answered her.

"Not I; not after feeling it for *him*. If he were to die now I should feel the same always."

Five years after they were first engaged Dora came out to Australia to marry Ronald. I was myself there at the time. There was quite a little colony of us, for it included Winny Ranger, formerly Winny Brown, Dora Wyntree's cousin and

school-friend. She was but a foolish little creature, selfish, simple, and pretty; very affectionate, however, full of tender impulses and gratitudes, which generally came to nothing except fresh appeals. She always said that she owed everything to Dora, that she would do anything for Dora, and I suppose she meant it. "Such a dear little thing! So full of feeling!" so her friends used to speak of Winny Brown; and her friends said the same of Winny Ranger, who was now a widow and rather poorly provided for, with one little baby girl to look after.

Ronald Lester had never cared for his betrothed's cousin. The strong demands which he made on all those with whom he was intimate soon touched bottom in the selfishness of her nature. She could be gushingly affectionate, but not silently self-repressing. Yet he had always shown her a genial indulgence, and she had fancied herself a favorite with him. He admired her beauty, liked her caressing flattery, and showed her a sort of playful attention in those early days when he avoided Dora. Therefore Winny was astonished when the engagement was first announced. "Why, I thought he admired *me*!" she said. "He positively seemed to hate you. Are you sure there is not a mistake?" She became convinced, in time, that there was no mistake, and her own heart was not touched at all; though she would willingly have married Ronald, out of vain delight that so serious a man should become her captive.

Presently she fell in love, after her own light fashion, with that young scapegrace, Fred Ranger. Her own people opposed the match; she had secret meetings, tried to run away with him, and got herself into much trouble and disgrace. Dora helped her out of her difficulties, persuaded her to a more discreet patience, used on her behalf a diplomacy which she never practised for herself; and so arranged everything that the marriage was permitted, a small portion was handed over to Winny, and an appointment was found for Fred, by Ronald's influence, in the same house which employed Ronald himself. Fred Ranger took his young wife out to Australia and died shortly afterwards, leaving her only the small fortune which had been her own marriage portion.

As a widow she was as gay and as affectionate as ever, particularly kind to Ronald "for Dora's sake," and it was to her house that Dora went out to be married. I had tired of England long before, and had, somehow or other, drifted out to the

same place. I had spent some time in travel and had qualified myself for various journeys of exploration by attending some medical lectures and going, so far as I could without taking a degree, into hospital and medical work before I left England. The sort of knowledge thus obtained I had found useful to me in many ways. When I came across Ronald Lester he invited me to stay with him, and a sort of curiosity that I had about him made me glad to do so. I wondered how, since he cared so much for Dora, he could contrive to live without her; but I soon became convinced that he was quite as much in love with her as ever. He was holding himself in hand with a sort of fiery patience which was strange to me; the thought of her seemed to possess his life, yet he never seemed to have supposed it possible to sacrifice other aims to secure her sooner. When once, however, the marriage was settled and she was coming out to him, his feeling for her seemed to leap out of the strong restraint he had put upon it.

"To think," he said, "that I have lived without her all these years, and known that she was in the same world, not another! If I had thought about it I suppose I could not have done it. Now I can dare to think. In another week she will be here, and then, nothing but death, nothing but death, can part us any more!" He rose, stretched himself with the air of a man breaking loose from a long restraint put upon himself; then he went out to the sunset, behind which, somewhere, she sailed towards him. It was strange to me to hear him speak so unreservedly, and he never did it again; but even then I noticed that he thought of his own loss, and not of what she had felt all these long and lonely years.

## II.

IF there was in the world any man on whose honor and faithfulness a woman might fully rely, I should have said that man was Ronald Lester. Little as I liked him in some ways, I could have trusted him as completely as — more completely than — myself. His nature seemed less open to indirect temptation; any breach of confidence seemed to be impossible to him. It remains then a terrible mystery to me that for such a man such a fate should have been held in reserve.

I had read of similar things before. I knew of the man who was so affected by a bullet in his brain that for half the months of his life he was a thief and a liar,

the other half a good and honest fellow. I knew of the girl whom an attack of illness reduced to childishness, so that she began to live and learn again, forgetting her past; until a second and crueller attack restored her strangely to her old self, to find that, in the years she had lost, all her life had altered, and her lover had long before married another woman. I knew of these things; but we do not expect such horrors to come into our own lives. Somehow we, and those we love, are (according to our expectations) to be exempt from the more terrible afflictions of our race. "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord," we cry, "may these things come!" And suddenly they are with us, and of us, and are ourselves, and we awake to know the whole horror of that which was but a word and a name to us.

I am glad to think that Dora Wyntree had one happy evening after she landed in Australia. Ronald met her and took her to her cousin's, and when he came back to me at night he had the air of a man who has been in Paradise. "She is more beautiful than ever," he said to me. "If I had seen her often I could never have waited here."

They were to be married in a few days. If they had been married at once, I suppose the circumstances that followed must have been different, but how different I cannot say. The morning after Dora's arrival Ronald met with a bad accident. He was thrown from the horse he was riding, his foot was entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged along a rough road for some distance before he could be rescued. He was taken up unconscious and carried to Mrs. Ranger's to be nursed. There was a young surgeon in the place who was called in to attend him. He pronounced the injury to the head serious, but was very hopeful of recovery, and congratulated us all on the fact that the patient could have the care of his future wife, evidently a born nurse.

I did not myself see Ronald for some days. He was quite unconscious at first and afterwards was kept very quiet. Winny, however, gave good accounts of him. She had begun to sit with him a little in the daytime, while Dora rested, and she thought that he was coming round very nicely. So did the young doctor. I only saw Dora once or twice for a few minutes, and then she seemed to me anxious and tired.

A private engagement of my own called me away for some days, and when I returned — for a brief interval only — I was



told that Mr. Lester was recovering rapidly and would soon be quite strong again. I was therefore surprised to get a note from Dora Wyntree asking if I would call and see her soon, as she wished to consult me on a point of importance. I was the only old friend who was near her, she wrote, and my medical knowledge might help her. I went at once to Mrs. Ranger's, and was received by Mrs. Ranger herself.

"Oh, he's doing beautifully," she said to me, "only he's very irritable sometimes. Convalescents are, you know. And somehow Dora does not manage him now; she who was always called such a good nurse. She misunderstands and vexes him. He gets on much better with me. I take things more lightly, you see. And so I am a great deal with him now. The marriage? Oh, we don't speak of *that* just yet. I will send Dora to you. I think her quite unreasonably anxious. Do tell her to take things easily."

When Dora came I could see that she was not taking things easily, though she took them quietly.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I want you to see him. You have known him a long time. You will tell me if he seems the same; or if the difference was there—before."

"What difference?" I asked her.

"I cannot tell you. No one else sees it. They seem even to like him better. But he seems to me different—from what I remember. And"—she said, looking earnestly at me, and speaking with some hesitation—"I have found out that he does not like me to be in the room; though he tries to hide it from me. I distress him, though I don't know why; so I go away now, and leave him a great deal to Winnie."

Her voice trembled as she spoke. I saw that a great fear was in her heart, a fear which she would not utter. She was facing it alone.

"I will see him," I said to her, "and give you my opinion."

My interview with Ronald was a strange one. The seriousness of the man seemed gone; he spoke lightly and oddly; but he seemed to be in easy and pleasant spirits, and Winnie laughed a good deal at the clever things he said, and some of them were really very clever. I spoke of Dora. A look of distress, even of perplexity, came over his face; but he struggled with the feeling, whatever it was, that oppressed him. "She worries herself," he said. "I wish you would tell her to take things easily—like Winnie."

I had seen enough. I went back to Dora. "I think it would be best for you to go away for a time," I told her.

"For his sake?"

"For the sake of both of you. His mind will recover its tone most quickly in that way, and without any effort. Effort is bad for him."

She sat down in a chair and looked at the table-cloth but answered nothing.

"Do not take it too seriously," I said to her. "We must give him a little time, and it will be all right. This sort of thing is not unusual. He has had a bad accident and has not quite got over it."

"But the others?"

"The others see nothing; but you were right. I am glad you spoke to me. Now do as I tell you."

She did not rebel; and I cannot think even now that I made a mistake. She would have gone through worse trials, bitter humiliations, if she had remained with him. A lady, who was a friend of mine, and who lived at some distance, invited her to go to her for rest and change of air for a short time; and she went.

I did not see the parting. I suppose it was a strange one. On one side a hidden tragedy, on the other a light and casual farewell. And Winnie, as spectator, laughed and was very gay.

It was some weeks afterwards, that I (who was again up country, engaged on my own enterprises) received another summons from Dora. She was still staying with the friend with whom I had placed her.

"It was foolish perhaps to ask you to come," she said, so soon as I saw her—for there was no one else present at the interview—"but I thought I should like you just to know—you have been a very good friend to me—and I did not feel that I could write it. They are to be married very soon."

"They? Who?"

"Ronald and Winnie."

"The—scoundrel!"

"Oh, no," she urged piteously, "not Ronald! He cannot help it. You know that."

"Then Mrs. Ranger must be mad."

"No. She does not understand. I do not think she could. She says that he is very fond of her; that he always preferred her—really; but he tried to like me, because I seemed good and could help him in what he wanted to do. But now he knows—this illness and the way she nursed him—and the way I nursed

him—have shown him that—the other thing—would have made him very unhappy.”

“And she believes all this?”

“Yes.”

I was silent for a moment. Then I asked, “Has he no conscience left?”

“Oh, yes. But he cannot help it; and I—I have made it easy to him.”

There was the whole situation in a nutshell. He could no longer help it; and so she had made it easy to him.

But I protested against the situation. “This state of things is only temporary,” I said, “he will probably, in time, become just what he once was. It is shocking that he should take an irretrievable step now. He could not do it if Mrs. Ranger had been true to you and herself.”

“She believes him,” said Dora simply, “and I think he is very urgent.”

In this case he was, I believe, very urgent. He was not sure of himself, did not understand himself, and could not bear to wait. He wanted to escape at once from his serious past into a light and easy present which suited his altered temperament. Effort and endurance—once his second nature—had now become intolerable to him; and the presence of those who might expect him to be strong and endure, was for the time intolerable too.

He did not like to see me, but I made a point of visiting him once before his marriage, and of urging delay. I did not do it for Dora’s sake; she had made me promise that I would not. It was on other grounds that I protested against the marriage; but I only made Lester very angry. He assured me that he was doing the wisest thing, the best for everybody. “I very nearly ruined my own happiness,” he said, “and Dora’s as well, by mistaking a sort of intellectual sympathy for personal love. She would have been miserable as my wife. She sees that now, and is glad to be free.”

Still I urged delay.

“There is every reason against it,” he said. “Winnie wants looking after; and when she is my wife she can look after Dora, and be a friend to her. That is what I want. Dora would be very lonely, you know, otherwise.”

And so they were married; but the promised friendship was ineffectual. Winnie had plenty to absorb her in other ways, and somehow Ronald’s money did not now go so far as before. He was easy and extravagant, as was his wife. He became a brilliant talker, but rather a careless worker. He took everything pleas-

antly and lightly; he became very popular socially, a charming acquaintance for all, a real friend to none. Yet some people thought him improved, especially Winnie. She said he was *so* clever, everybody told her so; but his temper was odd and capricious; home life did not suit him; it was almost necessary for them to visit a good deal, whether they could afford it or not.

Meanwhile Dora remained as a governess where she had gone as a friend. She had a hard life of it; the lady of the house fell into ill-health, the children were naughty, and there was far too much work thrown upon Dora’s hands. She did not wish, however, to return to England. She had gone away to be married, and the thought of such a return was naturally painful to her. So she stayed where she was. I saw her from time to time; but she never asked me news of the Lesters, and I believe that Winnie soon gave up writing to her. Winnie’s temper was getting spoilt by contact with a nature she did not understand; she had, besides, her sickly little girl to take up much of her time.

At last this sort of life came to an end. The lady who was Dora’s friend and the mother of her pupils died; the children were sent away to school, and Dora determined to go back to England. Perhaps she thought she was old enough not to mind the strange humiliation of her return; perhaps the past seemed now far enough behind her to be faced even in the land of her happiest memories. I had always kept a sort of guardianship over her from a distance. Once more I ventured to ask her to marry me, but she answered: “No, no; I belong to him—not to Winnie’s husband, but the Ronald that used to be. He never wronged me. I am as much his widow as if he had died then. I shall never change. If this terrible thing had happened to me instead of to him, he would have been faithful to me, whatever I did. I will be true to him.” This was indeed the strangest instance of faith in the face of fact that I had ever come across; and yet, I think, she was right. The one most cruelly wronged of all of us was Ronald; but fate, and not she, had wronged him.

### III.

If Dora went to England, however, I must go too, and I took passage in the same vessel. She showed as much confidence in my friendship as in Ronald’s blameless faithfulness, letting me act as a sort of elderly kinsman to her; but I was

really very little older than herself, no older at all than Ronald. He, however, with all his seriousness, had always possessed the enchanting and fervid quality of youth, and this was denied to me; perhaps this was why women trusted, but did not love me.

It was with a great shock of surprise that I discovered, when we were already on board the vessel, that the Lesters were to be our fellow-passengers to England. I had seen little of them for some time, and it appeared that they had come away at the last quite suddenly. Ronald had lost his appointment, so Winny told me, but she did not regret it; he would do so much better in England. I gathered from her also that they had lived beyond their means, and were much in debt; and I discovered afterwards that her own small portion had gone with the rest. She told me that Ronald had been very strange lately, and restless; he wanted to get away to new places. When I saw him he looked to me like a haunted man; his old self had been gradually coming to life and tormenting him. He dared not face the look of it, and was trying to escape from it. He passed over his difficulties, however, with an air of bravado, very unlike his old character. When he and Dora met face to face for the first time, after those long years, I saw a look of absolute horror in his eyes, as if the past confronted him like a spectre. But she smiled gently, and put out her hand, and he immediately recovered himself. He spoke to her then with an exaggerated air of friendliness and ease, and turned aside to talk to her. She leaned over the bulwarks and looked at the water, and I heard their conversation. I suppose that to strangers there would have been nothing at all distasteful in what he said. Most persons would have pronounced him a clever but rather egotistic man. To her I know that there were a lightness and unreality in his manner and conversation which pained her inexpressibly. She answered him quietly and composedly, but I know that she was glad when he went away. She remained where she was then, and did not look round; but when I went to her, the hand which she took away from her eyes (as if she had been shading them from the sun) was wet with tears. That was the only time that I ever saw her weep for her trouble; and it was for the change in him, not for the loss to her.

She kept almost entirely in her own cabin after that, pleading sickness. Winny was also very much occupied with her little girl, who was very sick. I saw a good

deal of Ronald, and noticed how restless and excited, how impatient and irritable he was. The ship seemed too small for him, its pace too slow. Sometimes he avoided me, sometimes he sought me out half defiantly.

Then we encountered a great storm, from which the ship came out waterlogged, a drifting wreck. After that there were dreadful days of heat and calm; the sea shone and the sun burned, and the heart sickened with hope delayed. The men worked at the pumps, and we all watched for a sail. We were far from land, but we might keep up for some days yet, the captain said, if we had quiet weather. Meanwhile we slowly drifted, and we hoped that we were drifting landwards.

Winny's little girl was very ill, and her mother rarely left her. Ronald showed himself always more excited and impatient of inactivity. His wife told me that he hardly slept at all, and begged me to give him a sedative. I did so at last; but the result was unfortunate, for the medicine made him more wakeful still; and the next day, which was one of fiery heat, found him worse than ever. He would not be advised or controlled; he exposed himself with mad imprudence to the whole force of the sun, and by night time he was, not at all to my astonishment, struck down by some strange illness, whether a form of sunstroke or of brain fever I could not tell. He was at first unconscious, then wildly delirious, and knew no one. His wife could not leave her little girl, and I was obliged to have some help. Dora offered hers. He did not recognize her, and in the distracted state of every one on board it would have been difficult to find any one else fit for the work. I think she was glad to have it, and I was glad to give it to her. So we nursed him together, she and I, for more than one day and night; while the ship drifted, drifted, and the captain said we drew nearer land. Ronald talked wildly of the long past, when he was a boy at school; of his mother and his sisters; but of Winny or of Dora he said not a word.

At last there came a night when he opened his eyes and looked about him observantly. I saw the look and knew that a change had come. This was the old Ronald that we had known. In the mystic land in which he had wandered he had somehow come across the lost tracks and followed them. How could we welcome him back to a world which was no longer the same?

"Dora!" he murmured, "Dora!"

She turned her startled gaze to mine (for she stood beside his bed), and I looked at her imperatively. She understood what I meant to say, and obeyed me.

"Yes," she said, "I am here, Ronald."

"I knew," he murmured, "that you would be here. Through all the evil dreams I knew that you waited for me at the end. Give me your hand."

I had drawn silently nearer to her. Now I whispered, "Do whatever he asks you. He will soon fall asleep, and then you shall go."

She gave him her hand, and he clasped it in both his own. Then his eyes closed, he seemed to be satisfied. But she gazed at me imploringly. "Do not go away," she whispered.

That was indeed a strange night for me and for her; for him it was, I think, a happy one. He spoke now and then; and she answered him in her soft, clear tones, for he would not be satisfied otherwise. "It is beautiful to hear your voice in the darkness," he said; "it comes to me like something I have waited a lifetime for. Speak to me again. Tell me you are here." And she answered him softly, but distinctly, "I am here." She kept her head bent; I could not see her face in the dim light; I knew not what great force of self-repression she was using; but her voice was clear enough. And yet how strange it was to hear the things he said to her, and to know the truth! I had no right to hear them; but if I had gone away she would not have stayed. So I had to endure it. I suppose that what she endured was worse. He spoke to her as her lover, to whom she was to be married in a few days; and she knew that he had been for years the husband of another woman.

What he said was I suppose much what every passionate lover says to his mistress, but there was an intensity in his voice which affected even me. I did not wonder that she had given her heart to him in the past. He seemed at last a little dissatisfied with her gentle reticence, and asked, "Is any one else here?" I answered, "I am here. You have been very ill, and I have been helping to nurse you." "Oh," he murmured, "I have been ill. That accounts for many things. But for that we should have been married already; should we not, Dora? And I have had strange dreams. Now I can sleep quietly, having heard your dear voice in the darkness. Kiss me, darling, and go and rest."

She hesitated for a moment; then she bent over him and touched his lips lightly

with hers. But he put out his arms — I could see this, because the cabin was not dark, as he said, only dimly lighted — and strained her to his heart in a long and close embrace. She rose to her feet as he released her, and I saw that a strong shudder went through her whole frame; otherwise she stood quite still and silent. I was afraid that I had demanded too much from her; but I saw that in a moment she had recovered herself, and with a quiet step she left the cabin. She said no word to me.

I waited beside him until he fell asleep, and then I went to seek her, having some vague fears on her behalf. As I did so I passed the cabin where Winny slept with her child. The door was open, and she was talking to it rather fretfully. "Is he better?" she asked as she heard me; and I answered yes, which seemed to satisfy her.

When I came to the door of Dora's cabin all seemed dark and silent. Stretching out my hand to knock I found that the latch had been injured in the storm; there was no real fastening, and the door swung open before me. There was a dim light within by which I could see Dora. She lay on the floor on her face with her head on her arms, as still as if she were dead. There was something shocking to me in the abandonment of her attitude, as if at last her grief had beaten her to the earth and she could no longer hold up against it. But she was very quiet; not a tremor ran through her white fingers, which were clasped beneath her head upon the floor. I closed the door softly and went. No one could help her or comfort her. She must bear and conquer her trouble alone.

Ronald slept so well and so naturally that towards morning I ventured to leave him and to go up on deck. The sea was still. At last, far off, was a glimpse of land.

Presently Dora joined me. She was carefully dressed and quite composed. There was even a smile on her face as she pointed to the distant shore. "After all," she said, "we are going to be saved."

I looked in her eyes as she spoke, and I should have liked to ask her, "Do you want to be saved?" But it would have been cruel to speak so in the face of her courage.

As I stood with her there, still talking of the chance of reaching shore, an unforeseen circumstance happened. Ronald Lester, fully dressed, but walking a little uncertainly, and looking a shadow of his former self, came up on deck and joined

us. I had expected to keep him below, and I had intended to inform him, as judiciously as possible, of his present situation before he saw either Winny or Dora. Now I hardly knew what to do. Dora turned a little paler — she had never much color now, though she kept her beauty wonderfully — and looked down at the water.

"I am better," said Ronald, "so I got up. I wanted to see — Dora." He looked round him with a little bewilderment and a good deal of uneasiness. It struck me that he was relieved when he saw no one else near us.

"I suppose I have been ill for some time," he said.

"Yes," I answered, "for some time."

"And things have probably happened which I do not remember yet?"

"Many things."

He looked very much troubled, but gathered himself together, as it were, and replied: "Ah, well, they can wait. I need not understand it all just yet. I am here, and Dora is here" — his look at her expressed everything it could do as he said this — "so the rest matters very little. It seems odd that you should have brought me to sea when I was ill. I remember the beginning of an accident. I suppose you thought that change of air —" He seemed half afraid to proceed further, yet anxious to know more. I did not answer him, and he did not pursue the subject of his accident, but asked, "Have we been shipwrecked?"

"We are quite disabled, and half full of water. We can hardly keep afloat a couple of hours longer. But the boats are being got ready, and we are near enough land to reach it."

"Are there many women and children on board?" His air of curiosity was blended with anxiety. What did he dread to hear? Did his dreams haunt him painfully? "Some women and children," I answered, not daring to speak of Winny and the little girl. Surely he would remember them presently. Dora looked ever at the sea. If he would remember it would save us both much trouble. I cannot say how much time passed while we stood there. For once I felt paralyzed. The situation overpowered me; and Dora expected me to act. A strange lassitude of content rested upon Ronald. He seemed to have got back, a broken man indeed, but himself as he used to be, into a haven left long ago. The mere fact of Dora's presence was sufficient for him. He preferred, apparently, to ask no more.

Meanwhile the deck had become a busy scene. The boats were being prepared, the passengers were crowding forward, eager to take their places. At last I saw Winny, with an anxious face, and her child — a heavy weight for her now — in her arms, coming towards us.

"Are you so much better, Ronald?" she cried. "Oh, I am so glad. But why does nobody tell me what to do? I thought Dora would come, or somebody."

Ronald looked at me oddly.

"Who is the little girl?" he said. "I seem to remember her in my dream. It was not a pleasant dream."

I went to Winny, intending to lead her away. The foolish thought that she had no right there, that she was an intruder, was in my mind. But she would not be so taken possession of by me. "We must go in the first boat," she protested; "but Ronald must go with us. Why does he not come?"

"He is ill," I answered promptly. "Take your child and go forward. I will look after him."

She was reluctant to go, afraid to stay; but she moved away. I ought to have been more sorry for the poor woman than I was.

Dora turned now to Ronald and looked him full in the face. "I think you ought to go and look after her if you are able," she said gently.

"And leave *you*? Why?" but I saw a doubt, a dreadful memory, begin to gather in his eye.

"Because she is your wife. You have been ill and have forgotten."

I saw then that I ought not to have left her to do this cruel thing; but I had been stupefied before. He leaned forward heavily and trembled. "That was the dream," he said; "you do not mean to tell me that it was true. It *cannot* be true. I could not do it."

She did not answer him.

"How long is it — since?"

"Five years."

"And I have been married to her?"

"More than four."

"And you — in those five years?"

Her smile was a bitter-sweet one as she answered him, "I have lived; we can none of us do more — or less."

"It is impossible!" he cried. "She was your friend. If I could do it, she could not."

"She was not to blame. You wished it very much," she answered gently.

"I — wished it?" and he laughed scornfully; and yet I think he began to remem-



ber it all,—but as if it had happened to another man.

"No one was to blame," she persisted, with a grave sweetness, which seemed to influence him and to calm him at the same time. "Not you, nor I, nor she. And what you have to bear I have borne for five years. I think we must make the best of it now."

"But you wronged no one," he protested passionately, awaking in a bewildered way to the whole meaning of the situation.

"Nor you," she answered simply. "You never could. It was not in your nature; it is not in your nature now."

He listened to her intently, as if—feeling so utterly astray—he sought guidance in her voice. "You mean that my duty is elsewhere?"

She did not answer, but her silence was expressive.

"And the little girl is her baby, whom I remember."

Nobody spoke. Perhaps his dream spoke for us. It was better so. Words seemed impossible; they meant too much and too little.

"I understand," he said, after a moment's pause, "that they belong to me. I will go and put them in the boat. Then I will come back to you."

He seemed gifted with a new energy, as he turned and walked steadily away. I did not think of going; I, at least, belonged to Dora, and had never forfeited my right to look after her.

But he came back again presently, and waited with us silently. Not one of us seemed in a hurry to go. We were willing to remain for the last boat, as the others were launched and rowed rapidly away over the bright sea. It appeared then that the only passengers left were Ronald, myself, and Dora. Dora had been pressed to go before, but she gave up her place to some one else. In the confusion I think that it was not quite understood that a lady had been left behind for the last boat. Neither Ronald nor I urged her to do anything but what she wished. If she preferred to give the best chance of life to others,—even to men,—I thought that she had the right to do it.

And then it was discovered that the boat left for us had been badly injured in the storm, and the accident had been overlooked until now. Already the other boats were far away, and they were, besides, fully laden. Except ourselves, every one had been eager to get away from the doomed ship. Moments were of value, and it would take long to repair the boat

efficiently. It was a strange oversight which had made this situation possible.

The captain came to me, his face white with the anguish of remorse. "We will make what haste we can," he said, "but if the ship sinks first, the lady——" he could not go on. "We shall have to swim for it, you know."

"I will do my best for her," I answered; "you and the men do what is possible with the boat." I knew that my help would have been useless there, I should only have got in the way.

Ronald and Dora leant over the side of the vessel together. They understood our position, and did not seem afraid. I lingered near them, remembering my promise to help her. The conversation which I heard, and of which they made no secret, seemed a continuation of something that had been said before. "I wonder what comforted you most in all those years," he was saying to her. "Duty?"

"Duty sometimes means despair," she answered gently. It was strange to me to hear the hard things she said in her soft voice. Indeed I thought that she revenged herself in that last interview somewhat for her long silence. Perhaps she could not resist the temptation of speaking at last to one who loved and understood her. I had indeed loved and understood her all the time, but that did not appear to count for much. As for him, he seemed now to realize the situation fully. His awakening had been rapid in the sudden crisis thrust upon us.

"I wonder if life or death is before us?" he said. "In another world, at least, you will belong to me."

"Do you want another world?" she answered. "Has not one been enough?"

Hers was a strange creed, first learned, I fancy, from him. But she found in it that which a good woman finds apparently everywhere, a reason to love and to forgive, a lesson of patience and endurance and faithfulness. He had, on the other hand, a strong instinct of rebellion and indignation against that hard hand of fate which he had once declared irresponsible and inevitable.

"I cannot bear it," he said suddenly; and then he added, "You kissed me last night in the cabin. Let me kiss you again now. The ship is going down presently with us both." But she shrank away from him in horrified surprise. "Who will know it or be the worse for it?" he persisted.

"I should know it and be the worse for it," she answered.

"Yet last night——"

"Last night you did not understand."  
 "And you gave it to me as a sort of tonic, as you would have given me any other medicine that was ordered. You are cruel to me after all. You never loved me as I loved you."

"Oh, hush!" she said, and her voice broke into a sob at last. "After all these years, — when I have hardly borne even to touch any other hand, because yours —" She could not go on further, but he was melted to tenderness and repentance. "Forgive me! forgive me!" I saw him put his hand on hers where it had rested near him; and she did not move away, but let her fingers clasp his, while a new look of peace and comfort stole into her face. "I wrong you every way. Trust me; love me; I ask no more from you. Only tell me this: have you had any thought that has been a compensation to you for all that I made you endure, that I did not know you were enduring?"

"Yes," she answered; "that you have loved me, and that I need not blame you in anything — in anything. I never have blamed you, and I never will."

"You never shall have need again."

I moved away from them. I could not bear to hear more. Was this a farewell or a reunion? I put the length of the ship between myself and them, forgetting my design of keeping near her. While I was far off the ship gave a great shudder, — and then we all went down together. I was not drowned, having been never a lucky man. I reached shore safely enough; so did the captain and all the men with him; but no one saw Ronald or Dora any more.

I found Winny already on land, very unhappy, and asking what she had better do. There seemed a sort of reason why I should provide for her in the circumstances; she almost expected it, and I have, so far, fulfilled her expectations.

When I look back I cannot say that Dora Wyntree was more unhappy than many women. She had at least her moment of triumph at the end, when her faith in human truth and human tenderness was vindicated. She kept her ideals and her self respect to the last. "Whom the gods love die young." I do not see for myself any prospect of a speedy death. And no woman ever loved me as she loved Ronald. To some the wine of life brings bitterness and anguish and despair; but there are others who never taste it. The cup is served to them empty.

From Murray's Magazine.

#### PASSION-PLAYERS AT HOME, OR OBER-AMMERGAU IN WINTER.

EARLY in one of the dark December mornings of last year we left Munich for a short stay in this little village of the Bavarian Highlands, which will soon be so great a centre of interest to the civilized world, with the view of making some preliminary acquaintance with the actors in the Passion-Drama, and of seeing a little of the preparations already being made for the event, which may be said to represent the dominant interest in the life of every man, woman, and we might almost add child, in the place.

Arriving at the little railway terminus of Oberau about midday, we transferred ourselves to the *Postwagen*, and began the ascent of the road lately constructed in the place of the difficult and dangerous Alte Strasse, which the driver pointed out to us, and which, with regard to the old saying that the way to the Passion-Play should be a hard one, could indeed have left little to desire. Below us lay the valley of the Loisach, stretched out like a vast snow-field; dominating it on our left the odd outlines of the Krottenkopf, Rabenkopf, and Schafkopf; in front of us the Ettaller range, and just below the strange peak called, from its resemblance to the human figure, the Ettaller Mandl, the church and former Benedictine monastery of Ettal, which, if not the actual cradle of the Passion-Play, was at least the school in which it was fostered from a very early period. We only stopped a few minutes before the little post-house of Ettal, dividing our contemplation between the copper-domed church and a flight of yellow-hammers as tame as pigeons about our heads, and were then driven on swiftly to Ober-Ammergau, over the Ammer-Brücke, below which the trout were languidly rising in the clear, swift-flowing water, and under the shadow of the cross-crowned Kofal, which stands like a guardian genius above the village.

When congealed and exhausted nature was somewhat revived, we prepared to pay a series of visits to various Passion-Players, in doing which we had rather exceptional facilities, as one of our party had lived much amongst these mountain folk, studied their idiosyncrasies, was perfectly *au fait* at their dialect, and like Baumiller in the characteristic people's play, "Der Herrgottschnitzer von Ammergau," could talk with the *Bauern* "exactly like one of themselves." On our way we stopped to look at the quaint frescoes with

which the lower parts of many of the houses are adorned. Some of these are by Zwink, the eccentric *Luftmaler*, as he was called, from the swiftness with which he worked; and, in spite of having stood the test of more than a hundred years, look as fresh as if the color had only been laid on yesterday. Our first call was upon Gregor Lechner, the Judas of so many years' reputation; a genial old man of about seventy-two, with long grey hair, and eyes which twinkle humorously when he tells an anecdote, which he is fond of doing with many mannerisms and odd gestures. The room in which we found him surrounded by his family was low-ceiled and simply furnished, but upon the walls hung various stringed instruments, and prizes for *Turnerei* obtained by his son Anton, while in a pot in the window bloomed a white rose—a little sickly, but "one of King Ludwig's roses from Linderhof!" This same King Ludwig would seem to have been Lechner's ideal; "Ja! ja! Er war ein Mann," he constantly repeated, when dilating upon the virtues and graces of his late sovereign, and he is especially fond of recurring to the relation of how he, with others of his fellow "players," was invited to visit his Majesty, and he (Lechner) was honored with a special audience, whilst the others were received *en masse*. This mark of signal favor was in recognition of the fact that Lechner alone had obeyed the royal order that all should go in everyday costume, and more than made up to the recipient for any *gêne* he may have felt in being "singular d'altri genti," and for the ill-concealed disgust of his companions, who had put on holiday attire under a mistaken notion that the king's command would be better honored in the breach than in the observance.

Not only was Lechner's rendering of the Judas *rôle* the admiration of his sovereign and of various distinguished persons—Edward Devrient among the number—but he also enjoyed the rather rare privilege of being a prophet in his own country, which was on one occasion nearly costing him dear, when a party of zealous Christians lay in wait to fall upon and cudgel him for his too realistic presentation of the part of "The Betrayer." His histrionic successes are now only to be spoken of in the past tense, for the "Passions-Komitée," twenty-four men strong, upon whom the choice of the players devolves, has decided that he is too old for his part, and a younger man is to take his place; a decision which is a source of infinite grief

to him, though he tried to take a philosophical view of it to us, observing that he will not have to *hang* the whole summer through!

From Lechner's house to his *atelier* is only a step; and here we were shown specimens of wood-carving, executed by himself and his son, who is also a skilful *Schnitzer*; here too was the latter's violin, for he is an "all-round" man, this young Lechner, and a great support in the music of the "Passionsspiel."

Space would fail to give anything like a detailed description of the other Dars-teller and Darstellerin whose acquaintance we made; of the Pilatus, whose short-cropped hair made him look almost remarkable in a village in which so many of the masculine inhabitants, as actual or possible participants in the Passion-Play, wear their hair long on their shoulders; of the Heilige Mutter, the daughter of Lang, the burgomeister; of Lang himself, the Caiaphas; of Detschler, the Annas of many years, who began his dramatic experience in 1830 as "Ein Judenknabe beim Volk," now also superseded. Detschler's daughter is the Maria Magdalena of 1890; a prepossessing young woman, with bright eyes and coloring, who, upon one of our party expressing surprise that a person of her attractions had reached the mature age of twenty-six and was still unmarried, rather naïvely explained, amid laughter and blushes, that want of money and vivacity had stood in the way of her establishment in life; against one of these drawbacks singly she might have made head, but the two combined were insuperable!

Leaving this by no means inconsolable victim of the want of taste of the Ober-Ammergau youth, we wended our way to the house of another faithful, if erring, disciple, the Petrus, in the opinion of many judges the most *ähnlich* of the players, whom we found discussing Passion-Play business with the Christus, Mayer. The contrast between the two men was as great as that between the Petrus and Johannes in Albrecht Dürer's "Vier Temperamente." The Guido-like head of the elder man, with the smooth forehead, clear skin, and eyes bright and cheery as the song of the little *Canarienvogel* in the cage on the wall above him, was in the strongest opposition with the remarkably dark coloring, deep-set, sombre eyes, and inscrutable expression of the Christus, who, according to our preconceived ideas, did not seem exactly *ähnlich* to the part he plays in the drama. It is universally agreed, however,

that in actual representation he is wonderful, and his delineation of the very difficult scenes which fall to his part is said to be marked by dignity and intense pathos.

Upon Mayer and the other burgomeister—for even this small village boasts its two—falls the task of conducting the rehearsals of the speaking-parts, the *Detailsproben*, of which there are two weekly, as well as of those of all the parts together, when the time of performance is at hand. Besides this, he has had the task of choosing the costumes and superintending their making, which is exceptionally heavy this year, as, with a few exceptions, all are to be new. They are designed by the drawing-master of Ober-Ammergau after the Biblical illustrations of Gustave Doré, and we realized to some degree the magnitude of the undertaking when we visited the Zeichnung und Modelliren Schule, and found Mayer surrounded by about twenty women and girls, all hard at work upon the new dresses. Bales of material in every shade of æsthetic color, garments in every variety of antique or classical style, from the severe white robes with the golden borders of the *Schutzgeist*, or guardian angels, to the ephod of gold, blue, purple, and scarlet of the high priests, heaped the shelves, or hung from the walls in close juxtaposition with free-hand drawings and plaster casts; here a lay figure was draped with a Roman toga; there, just below a skilfully carved crucifix, depended the green and gold turban of a Chaldean patriarch. A varied scene; but even more interesting were the two upper chambers, in which the costumes of former years—tangible ghosts of a dead past—hung, and rustled against us as we walked between their lines. Most of these garments are to be discarded, except a few made out of costly and durable materials, such as the tunic of Pilate, with its heavy metal ornaments, the mitre of the high priest, etc.

This Zeichnung und Modelliren Schule, of which we have just spoken, is entirely supported by the village, and has within the last few years done great things in the development of the art of wood-carving, which in Ober-Ammergau stands, like its Passion-Play, upon a basis of several centuries, and seems, indeed, to have originated almost simultaneously with it. The capacity for the one art seems here to go generally with that for the other, and there is no doubt that the development of the two, side by side, with the addition in a minor degree of that of music, has made

this village the unique one which we now find it. A large proportion of the inhabitants are *Schnitzer*, among whom almost every variety of wood-carving is done; but the ambition of one and all of them is to achieve the dignity of a *Herrgottschnitzer*,—in other words, to carve crucifixes, just as to play the Christus is the highest dramatic aspiration. Mayer has happily attained to both.

If we look for the origin and first cause of the Passion-Play, we find it in the Roman Catholic Church, which from the time of the Mystery Plays until the present day, has with its music and ceremonial been the great training-school for the Ober-Ammergau performances. The great festivals of Easter, Corpus Christi, Christmas, etc., are represented dramatically, so that what the people do in the decadal representation is only what they have been doing on a more limited scale in the intervening nine years. The music also, composed by Dedler, the Ober-Ammergau schoolmaster, is largely made up of masses, previously written for use in the church.

The text of the play, which was revised at the beginning of this century by an ex-conventual of Ettal, Ottmar Weiss by name, and still farther improved by the good old Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger of Ober-Ammergau, has been once more emended for the coming representation by the Munich Hof-Prediger, Ettmayer; the latter, however, contenting himself with rendering it into more literary German, and leaving the sense almost entirely untouched.

Before leaving Ober-Ammergau we paid a farewell visit to the theatre which, like those of former years, is built after a classical model, with the roof open to the sky. For the first time, however, the orchestra is to be hidden, and the three-arched lodges on either side the proscenium are in the place of the insignificant little balconies from which Pilate and Annas addressed the populace, and from which much of the effect of their appearance was lost.

It is rumored that the Passion-Play of 1890 is to be the last given in Ober-Ammergau, on the ground that the decadal harvest demoralizes the people for the nine intervening years. This would be a severe blow, not only financially, but also to the love for and pride in the observance, cultured from the very earliest years in every inhabitant of the village, for it is, as a German writer expresses it, the *Puls* and *Athem* of the place; neither Reich-

tag nor district voting has anything like the same interest for the people as the choice of the Passion-Players, and the maidens think more of playing the Heilige Mutter or the Magdalena than of marrying. The same writer speaks of them as "zealous, highly gifted artists, presenting a basis of humanity hardly to be met with in any other village of the world;" and certainly, speaking from our short experience, we can truly say that a more law-abiding, self-respecting, contented community we have never met with. To their friendliness, kindly good-will, and simple, genial manners we can bear hearty testimony; many were the invitations we received to "call again" when we came for the *Spieh*, and we felt, as we drove away in the *Postwagen*, with the setting sun making rosy the bare peaks of the Zugspitze and his companions of the Wettersteiner range, and looked our last on the mysterious figures of the Ettaller Mandl, that behind that mountain barrier we had made acquaintance with a people whose like, taking them for all in all, we hardly expect to meet with again.

FLORENCE E. NORRIS.

From The Fortnightly Review.

LEAVES FROM A DIARY ON THE KARUN RIVER.

II.

THE villagers of Ahwaz were mostly engaged in collecting the driftwood that had been brought down the river by the recent freshet, and arrested in its descent by the rocky ledges; but such as were not thus employed gathered in a crowd to witness the departure of the Susa. We bought some fowls and a sheep's joint in the bazaar; but it was not till long after noon that we were under weigh, and had definitely entered upon the journey to Shuster. As the hours wore on, however, and against a current running less than four miles an hour the Susa appeared unable to achieve a higher rate of progress than about two and a half miles—a speed which enabled the villagers in the riverside camps to keep pace with us by slowly walking along the bank—I began to think that the victory over the mirza and the loan of the Susa had been somewhat dearly purchased. The Susa is a German-built boat, designed originally as tender to the Persepolis—the solitary vessel that is itself the entire complement of the navy of the king of kings. She was brought

out in pieces from Bremen in 1885, and was put together by the artificers of the Persepolis in the Persian Gulf,\* and armed with a single three-inch Krupp gun, there being at that time no idea of using her for merchandise. In 1889, after the Karun concession had been granted, she was taken by an English captain to Ahwaz, and towed by Persians up the rapids; since which time she has remained on the upper river, under the orders of the nizam-es-sultaneh, nominally for purposes of trade, but in reality serving no other purpose than to carry him up and down the river. Her draught of water is too great to allow of her being much used as a cargo boat, except when the water is high. She was piloted and steered by Arabs; but her engineer, a Turk from Bagdad, had never been on the upper river before, and vindicated his ignorance by a series of assurances that would have excited the jealous envy of the mirza. I was to be landed without fail at Shuster at noon on the day after we had weighed anchor from Ahwaz.

Above Ahwaz the Karun is confined within lofty banks, varying from ten to twenty, and even thirty feet in height, with vertical profile of marl, and a bed of from two hundred to three hundred and fifty yards in width. Water for irrigation is drawn up from pools hollowed in the river bank, by means of leather skins and a pulley worked by oxen, pacing up and down an inclined plane on the top of the bank—the immemorial custom of Elam and Chaldaea. The Arab camps or villages, dependent for their existence on the water thus derived, are situated on the very brink, and the entire population, not working with the plough, would turn out to see us pass. Throughout the day we traversed a country devastated by locusts. They swarmed on the banks and hung in red festoons from the twigs of every bush and shrub; they dropped on the boat, scrambled into the cabin, and straddled all over the deck; and the drowned bodies of those that had not strength to cross the river floated in hundreds down the stream.

December 28.—The first place of the smallest importance after leaving Ahwaz is the village of Wais on the left shore, which to a line of mud huts fringing the bank adds the rare distinction of an *imam*

\* The Susa is a screw steamship (resembling what in England we should call a harbor launch), with engines nominally of thirty horse-power, length about eighty feet, beam sixteen feet, tonnage thirty-six tons, draught of water, over three feet.



*sadeh* and half-a-dozen palms. This village marks the northern limit of Sheikh Mizal's jurisdiction, the territory beyond, though largely peopled by Arabs, being under the direct administration of the governor of Arabistan. There is here a ferry across the river. Wais is about thirty-five miles distant by water from Ahwaz,\* the river following a very serpentine course between; allowing for which circumstance it was still somewhat disquieting only to find myself abreast of the village at 1 P.M. on the day after leaving Ahwaz, or an hour later than the time at which I had been assured that I should reach Shuster, still nearly sixty miles distant by river.

In the annals of earlier travellers Wais has left a name for inhospitality quite uncommon among the Arab tribes. It was the furthest point reached in his navigation of the Karun River in May, 1831, by the adventurous Mr. Stocqueler, whose boat was stopped, plundered, and fired at by the sheikh and people of this place, and compelled to beat a precipitate retreat to Mohammerah.† Five years later, in November, 1836, Major Estcourt's party, ascending the river in a native boat from Ahwaz, were refused provisions by the inhabitants, and were obliged forcibly to appropriate a sheep.‡ No more untoward demonstration took place on this occasion than the frantic shrieks of the juvenile population who watched our passage from the banks. Originally the Shapur, commonly pronounced Shaour, River, which washes the western face of the great mound of Shush or Susa (Shushan the palace), flowed into the Karun from the north-west a little below Wais. After deserting this bed it adopted a more southerly channel, joining the main river near Ahwaz. Later again it struck northwards, and at the time of Layard's and Selby's

explorations in 1842, was found entering the Ab-i-Diz or Dizful River at a point twelve miles above Bund-i-Kir.\* The comparatively recent and well-ascertained history of this river, whose various channels can be distinctly traced, is typical of that of all the rivers of Susiana, including the Karun itself, and accounts for the difficulty that has been felt by writers in identifying and reconciling the obsolete descriptions of the ancients.

For at least twelve miles above Wais the Karun is followed in a perfectly straight line to Bund-i-Kir, where, for the first time since leaving Mohammerah, we find the river split up into several confluents; this being the point of junction of three streams, the Ab-i-Gargar, or artificial canal that runs from Shuster on the east; the Ab-i-Shateit, or Karun proper, that runs also from Shuster in the centre; and the Ab-i-Diz, or river of Dizful, that runs from Dizful on the west. Comparing the singular straightness of the twelve-mile stretch of water below the angle of confluence with the accounts of old Arab geographers, who reported the artificial canal of the Ab-i-Gargar as being continued to Ahwaz, Lieutenant Selby thought that he saw therein a survival of the latter work; a hypothesis whose likelihood is only invalidated by the complete absence of any ancient bed, such as ought in that case to be forthcoming in the neighborhood, of the main body of the Karun.

Bund-i-Kir, called by Kinneir Bunde-keel, and by Loftus Benderghil, signifies the *bund* or dyke of *kir* or bitumen, the stones of an artificial dam which, like those of Shuster and Ahwaz, once spanned the river at this point, and which tradition ascribes to Darius, having doubtless been cemented by that material. The members of the Euphrates Expedition found it in 1836 to be a small walled town, with a population of nearly six hundred; and General Chesney's book contains an illustration of the place as it then existed from the pencil of Major Estcourt (vol. i., p. 198). In 1850 Mr. Loftus described it as a small Arab village of forty houses, entirely supported by the traffic of the ferry which is maintained across the various rivers at this spot; † and his account holds good of the present time. The hamlet is situated a little way inland on the projecting tongue of soil between the streams of the Shateit and Ab-i-Gargar, and on the

\* Lieutenant Selby (Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xiv., p. 228) said that the distance in a straight line, *i.e.*, by land, is thirty miles. This is an error. Colonel Beil calculated the land march at thirteen miles. It is estimated by those who have frequently ridden it during the past year as being fully eighteen miles. In speaking of the navigation of the Karun, the mistake is habitually made of calculating the distances, not by river but by land. Thus the distance from Mohammerah to Ahwaz is reckoned as eighty miles, instead of one hundred and seventeen miles, and from Ahwaz to Shuster as fifty-six miles, instead of (according to my approximate estimate) ninety miles.

† *Vide* Fifteen Months' Pilgrimage in Khuzistan and Persia in 1831 and 1832, by J. H. Stocqueler, vol. i., p. 63-7. From the fact that the author makes no mention of trans-shipment at Ahwaz, either on his ascent or descent of the river, it would appear that he was towed up without difficulty on the first occasion, and that he shot the rapids on the second.

‡ *Vide* W. F. Ainsworth's Personal Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition, vol. ii., p. 222.

\* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xvi., p. 57.

† Travels and Researches in Chaldæa and Susiana, by W. K. Loftus, p. 290.

right bank of the latter. It is entirely surrounded, however, by the ruins of a large and important city, which were for the first time examined by Sir H. Layard in 1842, and found to belong to three periods, Kaianian, Sassanian, and Arab,\* being identified by him with the remains of the early Persian city Rustum-Kowadh and the Arab Askeri-Mukram.† At the time of my visit the old bricks were being utilized, by orders of the nizam-es-sultaneh, to construct a fort and telegraph station on the bank of the Shateit, the government having decided to establish telegraphic communication between Shuster and Mohammerah. These ruins, the physical surroundings of Bund-i-Kir, and the significance of its name, unite in eloquent testimony to a period, long dead and forgotten, when this wilderness blossomed like a rose, and when busy peoples, great public works, and a diligent cultivation beautified the now silent banks of the triple stream.

Layard represented the color of the three rivers which here converge as being conspicuously different, that of the Ab-i-Diz being very dark, from the rich alluvial mould through which it flows, the Shateit, or Karun proper, being of a dull, reddish hue, and the Gargar Canal a milky white. I did not observe this difference, which is probably more or less noticeable according to the state of the waters. At the point of confluence the first-named river appeared to me to be about eighty yards wide, the second one hundred and fifty yards, and the third sixty yards, their united volumes occupying a bed about three hundred yards in width. I cannot here follow the course either of the Dizful River, which was pursued by Layard and Selby in the Assyria in 1842 as far as Kaleh Bunder, about half-way to Dizful; or of the Shateit, which was also ascended by them in the same vessel to within six miles of Shuster, when they ran aground. My own course in the Susa was to lie up the Gargar, or artificial canal, which, owing to its greater depth and less shifting bed, is at present the only available river approach to the capital. How I ended by steaming down instead of up the Gargar, the circumstances which I shall now narrate will explain.

It was 6.30 P.M. when we ran up alongside the bank at Bund-i-Kir; and the Susa having already occupied more than eighteen hours' steaming, exclusive of twelve

hours' stoppage at night, in reaching the half-way point between Ahwaz and Shuster, I began to be doubtful when, if ever, I should arrive at the latter place, the more so as the Ab-i-Gargar has a somewhat precarious channel, and it was not unlikely that the Susa might ground on a shoal. The engineer, of course, assured me that if I remained in the boat he would deposit me at Shuster before noon on the following day. But my credulity had already been overstrained by his frequent promises that I should accomplish the whole journey in less time than had now been consumed upon half; while a simple mathematical calculation showed that no engineer in the world could take the Susa up to Shuster in the specified time. I therefore decided to leave the boat and ride the remaining distance, instructing the Susa to follow as best she could. Lieutenant Selby's report contains the amazing statement that the banks of the canal at Bund-i-Kir "tower perpendicularly overhead to a height of one hundred and thirty feet,"\* an error which has been faithfully reproduced by Mr. Ainsworth.† It was up a bank of considerably less than thirty feet in height that I scrambled, and made my way to the nearest hovels. The villagers at first said that all their animals were out ploughing, and that they could let me have neither horses nor mules. But the magic name of the nizam-es-sultaneh, brought to bear upon the sheikh — a benign old gentleman with well-dyed red beard — produced a startling revulsion of attitude, and I was promised the use of one horse and two mules for the morrow at the exorbitant rate of twelve *krans* each (seven shillings), the normal charge *per diem* being three or four *krans*. However, beggars cannot afford to be choosers; the bargain was concluded; the Susa puffed off into the night, and I settled down as best I could in a mud hut, placed at my disposal, by the sheikh. A fire was lit on the floor in the middle of the room, which was sufficiently large to accommodate a good deal of smoke, as well as the sheikh and his attendants, who, until requested to retire, seemed anxious to give me their company throughout the night.

*December 29th.* — I was called at 4 A.M., and started at 5. The sun did not rise for two hours, but there was a good moon, and happily the air was not cold. From Bund-i-Kir to Shuster there are three tracks by land, following respectively the

\* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xvi., p. 63.

† Early Adventures, vol. ii., p. 28.

\* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xiv., p. 241.

† The River Karun, p. 40.

left, the centre, and the right of the island formed by the two streams of the Shateit and the Gargar, which separate at Shuster just as they reunite at Bund-i-Kir. I was conducted by the left or westernmost track, which is a full eight *farsakhs*, or thirty-two miles, in length, and is called Beni Hassan from the name of the Arab tribe encamped upon it. The middle road is called Beni Kaid Hassan for a similar reason, and is no doubt shorter, but appears to be impassable after rain. The easterly track, which was taken by Colonel Bell, strikes across to the right to Daulatabad, or Beni Daud, a distance of eleven miles, where it touches the right bank of the Gargar Canal, and follows the latter more or less closely to Shuster, twenty-one miles further on.

Sir H. Layard relates that in 1842, Lieutenant Selby and himself were confronted immediately outside Bund-i-Kir by a huge black-maned lion.\* It was a curious coincidence that soon after starting we heard a lion roar a little way off. My guide, who was walking in front, informed me at the same moment that my horse was so much accustomed to go in advance, that he would himself facilitate my progress by dropping to the rear; an act of friendly consideration on his part for which I shall ever remember the Arab. The entire country between Bund-i-Kir and Shuster was crowded with game. Wild fowl of every description, mallard, teal, snipe, plover of two kinds, francolin, sand-grouse, pigeons, jackal — all these I saw within easy shot in the course of my ride; and a sportsman might without doubt make a large and varied bag. The fertility of the soil is beyond conception; and in the springtime Sir H. Layard has depicted the island as "clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation, and enamelled with flowers of the most brilliant hues, the grass being so high that it reached to the belly of a horse."† In winter there is no verdure, and the greater part of the ground is allowed to waste in jungle and swamp; no sign of cultivation being visible till I reached the Arab encampment of Beni Hassan, about twelve miles from Bund-i-Kir. There the entire population was abroad and astir, ploughing with horses, mules, buffaloes, bullocks, and even donkeys, and scattering the seed the moment

the rude wooden share had scraped the surface. In industrious hands this island might become the granary of south-west Persia, producing not only wheat and barley, but cotton, rice, maize, tobacco, sesame, indigo, and opium in almost unlimited amount. Its fertility was well known to the ancients, and better utilized by them; and the omniscient Strabo described the soil as giving a return exceeding one hundred and even two hundred fold.

In the far East the sun topped the Bakh-tiari mountains at 7.10 A.M., and threw a radiant gleam upon their snowy caps. A dense canopy of leaden clouds, hanging just above, with

Ragged rims of thunder brooding low  
And shadow streaks of rain —

caused an atmospheric phenomenon which I imagine to be rare, and which I have nowhere previously seen. It appeared to have the effect, instead of absorbing the sun's rays as the disc arose, of resisting and throwing them across the heavens, so much so that in the opposite quarter of the horizon on the west was produced a very perfect reflection of the rising orb, in the shape of a circular nimbus of prismatic light. Too soon the vision faded and disappeared. At the Arab encampment, composed of parallel rows of reed huts, I struck the left bank of the Ab-i-Shateit, here a fine river flowing between steep, jungle-clothed banks with a width of about two hundred and fifty yards. The track followed it for three or four miles, and then, at a point where a rocky bluff comes down to the right bank of the river, and there is a second Arab village on the left, struck across to the north-east in the direction of Shuster. I did not again see the Shateit or Karun till above Valerian's Bridge outside the town; but I fancy that it must have considerably altered its course since Selby navigated it to within six miles of the latter; for I was informed that above the point where I left it, it breaks up into numerous shallow channels, separated by islets, and becomes impassable to navigation.

As I neared Shuster, the ground showed abundant traces if not of present, at least of bygone civilization. Dykes, water-courses, and the banks of dried canals intersected the country in every direction; while the recent rains had converted the track into a sea of mud. A village with palm-trees was passed on the left; a larger and thicker green fringe on the horizon gave suggestions of a better-tilled and

\* Early Adventures, vol. ii., p. 353. Lions are not uncommon in the jungle and brushwood bordering on the rivers, particularly the little-known and unexplored Ab-i-Diz. For some interesting remarks upon their haunts and peculiarities *vide* the same work, vol. i., pp. 439-447.

† Early Adventures, vol. ii., p. 346.

more populous site; a pyramidal spire crowning a ruined mosque appeared upon a hilltop; whitewashed cupolas shone amid the trees; and presently the panorama of a large town in a state of obvious decay unrolled itself upon the summit of a considerable elevation, evidently terminating on its right or eastern side in a steep gorge. Thick groves of *conar* trees\* were scattered over what are now arable plots, but were once the famous gardens of Shuster; in the midst of which numerous brick towers of refuge—not unlike those that I have seen dotted in such numbers over the old hunting-grounds of the Turkoman freebooters in Transcaspia and Khorasan—showed that agriculture, even in the immediate vicinity of the town, can at one period have been far from safe, and paid an eloquent homage to the lawless proclivities of the Persian nomads in the past. I forded the shrunken stream of a canal, called the Minau, which formerly irrigated the suburbs to the south of Shuster, and of which I shall have occasion again to speak; passed the ruined *imam sadeh* of Abdullah on its isolated hilltop, the building being flanked on its northern front by two tottering minarets, and surmounted by a hideous plaster cone which looks, as Loftus said, exactly like the extinguisher of a candle; picked my way through heaps of *débris* that once marked a town wall, and emerged on to an open space round which, in open stalls, smiths and brass-workers were making a horrid din, and which was the wreck of a once extensive bazaar. Thus, almost before I was aware of it, I found myself in the interior of the capital of Khuzistan, and perhaps the most dilapidated city in Persia.

The derivation of the name Shuster is not positively certain, though in all likelihood it is a diminutive of the root *Sus* or *Shush*, signifying a lily, and consecrated to more than one site in this neighborhood, particularly to the great mounds of *Sus* or *Shush*, commonly called *Susa*, and now definitely ascertained to be the ruins of "Shushan the palace," wherein Daniel relates that he saw the vision.\* Sir R. Murdoch Smith, however, prefers the derivation *Shah Shatra* or *City of the King*.† Whether or not the town was built by Shapur, the famous

warrior king of the Sassanian dynasty (the probability being that it is of earlier date), that it has been the City of Kings is certain, not merely from tradition but from the massive relics still surviving of a truly royal rule. Here, beyond doubt, the victorious monarch used occasionally to reside, and here he left perhaps the most striking and permanent among the many visible memorials of his zeal for public works and architectural splendor that are still to be found scattered amid the mountains and valleys of south Persia. From this time forward, Shuster, elevated by the engineering works of Shapur into a strategical post of capital importance, continued to play a prominent part in history. At the time of the Arab invasion, its inhabitants made a stout resistance, until betrayed by one of their own number. Profiting by this experience, when the next or Tartar wave of invasion beat against their gates, the Shusteris yielded to the power, and were the recipients of the clemency of Timur, who is even said to have repaired the dyke of Valerian. Later on, under the Safavi dynasty, the town became a great centre of the Shiah propaganda, and a hotbed of religious fanaticism. It continued to be the capital of a province and the seat of government until the early part of the present century, when it was the residence of Mohammed Ali Mirza, son of Fath Ali Shah, and governor-general of Kerman-shah, Luristan, and Arabistan, at which time it is reported, though probably without truth, to have contained forty-five thousand souls. Depopulated, and all but destroyed by a severe plague in 1831-2, which carried off nearly twenty thousand souls, and attacked by the cholera afterwards, it was superseded as the provincial capital by Dizful, and has never rallied since. The most conflicting estimates have been given of its numbers by different travellers. In 1836, General Chesney reported it to contain from five thousand to six thousand houses and twenty thousand inhabitants. In the same year, Sir Henry Rawlinson returned the numbers as fifteen thousand. In 1841, the Baron de Bode calculated the total as from four thousand to five thousand, while in the following year, Lieutenant Selby gave eight thousand and Layard ten thousand as the probable figure. At the present time, though it has again become the capital, the population is estimated as not more than eight thousand, and these are spread over an extent of ground that would accommodate five times that number, but is little

\* The *conar* (Greek, *κόνναρος*; Latin, *Zizyphus lotus vulgaris* or *Jujuba*) is the jujube, a tree with dark green foliage, and a long yellowish berry, acid but agreeable to the taste.

† Daniel viii. 2.

‡ Journal of the Society of Arts, May 10th, 1889.

else than an indiscriminate pile of ruins. In a country remarkable for its dead and dying cities, for immense groups of human habitations, either wholly deserted or crumbling into irretrievable decay, Shuster earns a well-merited palm. Not even Ispahan, with all its majestic solemnity of ruins, can show, in proportion to its size, such heaps of *débris*, so many structures fallen, falling, or abandoned. What were once dwelling-houses are now formless mounds of brick, and many of the buildings still inhabited are in an intermediate stage between the two. Forty years ago, Loftus, the excavator of Susa, wrote that "Ruin, ruin, ruin was the prevailing characteristic of the place, which presented a worse picture of depopulation than Bagdad or Busrah;"\* and in the interim no change has taken place. A blight seems to overhang the spot, and Shuster might well stand for what a poet has dolefully styled the City of Dreadful Night. Among all writers there has been an absolute consensus of opinion that this fall of a once famous and inherently wealthy place has been due far less to visitations of nature than to the shameful iniquity and oppressions of the Persian governors who have successively been deputed to this remote province, and have combined the rapacity of a Verres with the cruelty of an Alva.

Such, however, as it is, Shuster possesses features uncommon in Persian towns. From the familiar clusters of low mud huts, it is with relief as well as surprise that we come to a place where the houses still standing are commonly of two stories, the lower half of stone and the upper part of bricks embedded in clay, and that rise to a height most unusual in Persian habitations. The flat roofs of many of these edifices, which have a low parapet, and upon which the inhabitants sleep at nights, are over thirty feet from the ground. In the interior court there is commonly a large *iwan*, or reception chamber, one side of which opens, without either wall or doorway, into the court. The houses possess a further peculiarity, which redeems them from all risk of being forgotten. Shafts are pierced in the masonry of the walls from the roof to the ground, opening by an aperture or spout on to the street. They are the sole drain-pipe of each dwelling, down which the refuse is inexpensively discharged into the roadway, each vent being a nucleus of odors not less filthy than the filth which it

exudes. A receptacle is provided below by a species of gutter which occupies the centre of the street, and which, in the absence of any scavengers, would be an impassable slough, were it not that the town, being situated on an elevation with a sandy soil, the rains sweep down much of the accumulations, and that these are found to have a marketable value in autumn as manure for the opium plantations outside the town.

Another remarkable feature of the place, not, however, visible from the exterior, is the almost universal construction of *shebadans*,\* or underground chambers hewn deep down in the rock upon which the city stands, ventilated by shafts conducting to the upper air. Almost every house is so provided; and one of these cellars that was shown to me, newly hollowed out beneath the governor's palace, had been excavated to a depth of at least sixty feet below the surface, access to it being gained by a steep flight of steps, and light as well as air being admitted by a circular orifice in the vaulted rock-roof. In the months of July and August, when the heat is appalling, the inhabitants live almost entirely in their subterranean chambers, seldom stirring between 9 A.M. and sunset, and at such times the town becomes even more than ordinarily a necropolis in brick and stone.

The trade of Shuster is equally inconsiderable with the agricultural development of its surrounding lands. Though possessed of a soil admirably adapted to the growth of opium, but little enterprise is shown in its cultivation, and only twenty or thirty cases are said to be exported annually to the Arabian coast and Muscat. Indigo is grown in some quantity outside the town, and is responsible for a predominant tone of blue in the costumes of both sexes. Lieutenant Selby, in 1842, though reporting the local trade as small, lamented that nearly all the cottons, woollens, chintzes, cutlery, hardware, and sugar were supplied by Russia, notwithstanding a long and tedious land-carriage from Ispahan.† Whatever may have been the case fifty years ago, I found that Russian ascendancy had now completely ceased, there being few, if any, Russian articles in the town, and the European import trade consisting almost entirely of English or

\* Elsewhere in Persia they are called *sardabs*, literally "cold water." Layard says they are known in Shuster as *shadrewan* (Early Adventures, vol. ii, p. 43); but the above was the name that I heard in the town.

† Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xiv., pp. 234, 242.

\* Travels and Researches in Chaldea and Susiana, p. 295.



Indian goods, brought from Busrah either *via* Amarah on the Tigris and Dizful, or by Mohammerah and the Karun River. The sole local manufactures appear to be a species of bright-colored carpet or matting, made of cotton and wool, and a felt of coarse pattern. The bazaar, which was once the largest in Khuzistan, consists only of two diminutive alleys crossing each other under a dome, of the stalls before alluded to, and of one or two open booths, with a roof resting on stone supports, that still survive in the centre of the miserable *agora*. There are no *khangs*, or caravan-serais, for merchants, such as are usually found in Oriental cities.

A very large proportion of the population are *Seyids* (i.e., descendants of the Prophet), whose voluminous green turban, here even more than elsewhere, seems to be an excuse for insufferable airs, gross superstition, and an indolent life. Of their attitude towards strangers, however, the most conflicting accounts have been left by English visitors. Layard and Selby have spoken thereof in terms of the highest praise; and I cannot but attribute the favorable reception of Selby and his crew to the personal popularity and prestige of the great traveller under whose auspices they came. Layard wrote:—

I received from some of its principal inhabitants much kindness, which was the more remarkable as they were almost without exception Seyids, very strict in their religious observances, and having the reputation of being exceedingly fanatical and unfriendly to Christians. They were always ready to afford me information, especially as to the produce and resources of the country. They listened with interest to my schemes for establishing commercial relations between Khuzistan and Europe and India, leading me to hope that if an attempt were made to promote trade, they would encourage it, and would afford protection to any English merchant who might be disposed to come himself or send an agent to Shuster.\*

Selby expressed himself in almost more emphatic terms:—

Contrary to the general rule that adversity makes men selfish and morose, the Shusteris, oppressed by the Government which should support them, viewed as aliens, almost as outcasts from the parent stock, their chiefs plundered and oppressed, their country ruined, and themselves and property at the disposal of any Persian official who may be sent into their country, still exhibit many noble traits of character, and exercise the most liberal hospitality, the greatest generosity, and the

utmost attention to a stranger's wants that ever it was my fortune to witness. A town of Sayyads, they are without exception the least bigoted of any Mohammedans I ever saw, and are totally different from the Persians, in not oppressing when they have the mastery, fawning when in your power, and begging at all times and from every one.\*

Nor was the verdict of the quartermaster of the Assyria much less complimentary, when in reply to a question from Sir H. Layard as to what he thought of Shuster, "Well, sir," he said, "it ain't a bad place, but there baint a public in it."†

That Selby, however, felt a little nervous as to the perfect justice of his tribute, is evident from his next paragraph, where he says:—

In writing thus highly of the Shusteris, I fear I may be considered as having drawn too highly colored and flattering a picture. Let future experience and knowledge of them decide the point, nor, until they are found unworthy of the character I have given them, let them be classed with their oppressive neighbors, the Persians.

Unfortunately "future experience and knowledge," which we are now in a position to invoke, have decided the point both against Selby and his friends the Shusteris. Only eight years later, Mr. Loftus described "the countenances of the inhabitants as not prepossessing, low cunning, deceit, and mistrust being universal among the lower classes;"‡ while the advent of Messrs. Lynch's agents and the opening of the Karun have supplied the present generation with the opportunity of giving the lie to the benignant assurances of their predecessors to Sir H. Layard. When Messrs. Lynch's representative first took up his abode there, more than a year ago, he found difficulty even in procuring drinking water and the commonest necessities of life, so loth were the people to have any dealings with such "an unclean thing;" and every obstacle is still placed by the Mullahs and Seyids in the way of trade. The inhabitants have in fact been ordered not to purchase from the English, and the word for a general "boycott" has been passed round. This unreasoning hostility may be expected in time to give place to a more sensible attitude; but it is illustrative of the difficulties with which Western influence is everywhere confronted in its first collision with Oriental prejudice, and

\* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xiv., p. 230.

† Early Adventures, vol. ii., p. 357.

‡ Travels and Researches, p. 296.

\* Early Adventures, vol. ii., p. 282; cf. pp. 44, 340, 357.

which are often so little understood at home.

The Shusteris, of whom I have said so much, are as peculiar in their origin, appearance, and dress as they are in their character and surroundings. Neither pure Arab nor pure Persian in descent, but a hybrid between the two, with a greater admixture of Arab blood, they seem to possess the less attractive features of either race. Their appearance is ill-favored and the reverse of healthy; a fact which may be due either to the drinking water, which is slightly brackish, or to the enervating heat in summer, or to their colossal neglect of the most elementary laws of hygiene, or to a combination of all three. Even in their apparel there is something distinctive, for along with the flowing cloak of the Arab they wear a dark or parti-colored turban, one end of which is tucked up in front, and the other hangs down behind, not unlike the Afghan's headdress. One who was well qualified to speak informed me that "in character they are close, seldom spending money on anything but actual necessities; that in bargaining they can hold their own with any Oriental people, and that to call them sharp in business matters is not saying much." The town is divided into several wards or quarters, each with its own khan, and the population into corresponding factions; and where in England local conflicts are decided on November 1 by the peaceful arbitrament of the polling-booth, the Shusteri wire-pullers, who would probably confess a hearty contempt for representative institutions, adopt the more primitive method of fighting it out in the streets. Finally Sir H. Layard may be quoted for the statement that "the Shusteri ladies are renowned for their beauty, but not for their virtue;" with which concluding touch I may take literary leave of the good folks of Shuster.

In the situation of the town there is much that both harmonizes with and accounts for the idiosyncrasies of its people. Unlike most Persian cities of any size, which are commonly built in plains at no great distance from the base of mountains whence they derive their water, Shuster is built upon a rock, and is at once sustained and fortified by the command of a noble river. Emerging from a pink sandstone ridge at a distance of about three miles to the north of the town, the Karun River, hitherto pent up in narrow gorges, and foaming over an obstructed bed, expands itself with all the luxury of new-found ease in the flat alluvial plains that stretch from

here to the sea. By this mountain barrier, which is, so to speak, the advance-guard of the mighty Zagros range behind, Shuster is shut off from easy contact with the rest of Persia, and is brought into direct association both with the Ilyats, or nomad tribes of the mountains, forming the various branches of the great family of Lurs, and with the Arabs of the plains. Its position at the outlet of the hills explains both its political and commercial importance; since it is at once the spot from which these unruly tribesmen can be most effectively controlled, and the natural channel through which trade must pass to and fro between the rich inland districts of Burujird, Kermanshah, and Hamadan, and the Southern seas. To these advantages no inconsiderable strategical strength has been added by the happy natural juxtaposition of river and rock, as well as by artificial works which I shall now proceed to describe. It has already been indicated that the town is situated on an eminence at the northern extremity of an island formed by two branches of the Karun, the one the original river-bed, the other a canal partly cut by man, which re-unite some twenty-five miles in a straight line further down at Bund-i-Kir. About six hundred yards above the town the Ab-i-Gargar canal diverges from the left bank of the main stream, and pursues a straight southerly course, intersected by two dams of which I shall speak, through a gorge artificially hewn for its reception in the rock upon which the city stands, thereby constituting an important military defence upon its eastern flank. Meanwhile the main body of the river, which from the point of bifurcation to that of re-union at Bund-i-Kir is popularly called the Ab-i-Shateit, after parting with some of its waters in the manner described, makes a broad sweep to the west, laves the base of the rock upon which the *kaleh* or citadel, and behind it the city, stands, and then turns southwards, its channel being barred at this point by the celebrated bund and bridge of Valerian. While skirting the castle rock it sacrifices a further portion of its waters, which pass into a subterranean tunnel pierced beneath the citadel, and opening on to a further artificial canal on the western side of the town, manifestly designed in order to irrigate the suburbs, which are situated at too great an elevation above the Karun itself to get their requisite water supply therefrom. These three features, the Ab-i-Gargar, the Ab-i-Shateit, and the Minau Canal, are the determining characteristics

of the situation, and it is to their history, nature, and purpose, as well as to the elucidation of the problem in hydraulics which they present, and which Sir H. Rawlinson described as "one of the most intricate and contradictory objects of research upon which he was ever engaged,"\* that I now turn. If my explanation or description does not exactly coincide with that of previous writers, it is not in either case given without careful study of all that has been written on the subject, nor without personal examination on the spot—a task which some of my predecessors appear to have discharged in the most perfunctory fashion.

I.—The Ab-i-Gargar Canal. At the point of its divergence from the Karun, six hundred yards above the town of Shuster, an artificial dyke is thrown across the opening of the canal. This dyke is constructed of large blocks of hewn stone, which in the low water of the summer months are left quite bare, with six sluices or passages for the water between. It appears to have been repaired, at the same time as Valerian's Bridge, by Mohammed Ali Mirza, in the early part of this century, and to have then exchanged its previous name of Bund-i-Kaisar (a probable allusion to the legendary handiwork of Valerian in the reign of Shapur) for that of Bund-i-Shahzadeh, or Prince's Dyke. I did not, however, gather that either name is now in use.

At a little distance below this dam commences the artificial cutting in the sandstone rock through which the canal is conducted, and at half a mile from it occurs a second bund or dam which now completely blocks the progress of the stream. The present structure cannot be of ancient date; for when Sir J. Kinneir visited Shuster in 1810, he describes this bund as "a bridge of one arch, upwards of eighty feet high, from the summit of which the Persians frequently throw themselves into the water without sustaining the slightest injury;"† and Sir H. Rawlinson, in 1836, still speaks of "a bridge of a single arch,"‡ although, from his description of the lower

part of the dam, I cannot help thinking that he was mistaken therein. Anyhow, by 1841, when Layard first visited Shuster, the arch had disappeared, and the present solid stone barrier had taken its place. This is in the form of a wall, about sixty yards long and twenty-five feet high, built right across the artificial cleft in the rock, which is here nearly a hundred feet in depth; the masonry of the wall rising on the south side from a sloping dam, also made of big stones, with an approximate elevation of forty feet; so that the entire height of the bund from the water to the parapet is about sixty-five feet.\* A roadway, supplying the eastern entrance to Shuster, runs along the top; and from the fact of its having once led to the now deserted village or suburb of Boleiti on the farther side, caused the dam to be called Pul-i-Boleiti (*i.e.*, bridge of Boleiti), a name which also appears to have passed into disuse. This bund has at no time borne any connection with irrigation, but was raised for a distinct and definite object. At a short distance above it four or five tunnels have been pierced in the rock on either side of the gorge below the canal level; and through these the water is diverted from the stream, emerging with a rush from several openings on the lower side of the bund, and turning in its passage a large number of wheels for the grinding of barley. The spectacle below the dam on the town side is indeed a very curious and interesting one; for there a number of pools are formed by the water as it gushes from the tunnels, and at different levels the mills have been placed so as to utilize the force, the grindstones revolving in small circular towers. The water passing on falls with a splash and a roar into the canal below, and the entire appearance of the place awakens positive though discordant recollections of the tunnels and cascades of the Horatian Tivoli. Of the further progress of the Ab-i-Gargar I shall speak when describing my return journey.

II.—I now pass to the Karun proper, or Shateit, and its co-ordinate system of dams, bridges, and canals. Immediately after the point at which it parts with the Gargar Canal, the main river takes a bend to the west, considerably widens its bed, and forms a broad sheet of water as it washes the base of the castle rock. This is the part of the river that was paved

\* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. ix., p. 75.

† A Geographical Memoir of the Persian Empire, by J. M. Kinneir, p. 97. I shall have occasion more than once to allude to the extraordinary errors of previous writers in describing the waterworks of Shuster. But not one of them is comparable with that of Kinneir, who, both in his narrative and in his map, confounded the river and the canal, and reversed their geographical positions. After this it is not surprising to find him mistake the bund of Ahwaz for the continuation of an old palace wall across the river.

‡ Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. ix., p. 77.

\* Loftus (Travels and Researches), though correct in his description of the Pul-i-Boleiti in other respects, transferred these features, *viz.*, the cutting through the rock and the solid masonry wall, to the upper dam, on Bund-i-Kaisar, of which neither of them is true.

with stones by Shapur, and called, in consequence, Shadarwan, or "flooring." Rounding the western angle of the citadel, the river then turns towards the south, and at a point about five hundred yards lower down, where it is nearly a quarter of a mile in width, is spanned by the famous so-called bund and bridge of Valerian. These great works consist of a stone bund or dam, with sluices for the passage of water, constructed of massive blocks of granite, iron clamped, right across the stream, and of a stone bridge of over forty arches,\* built upon the top of the dam. The bund was formerly called the Bund-i-Mizan, or Dyke of the Balance, for reasons which will presently be manifest; and the bridge Pul-i-Kaisar, from the supposed authorship of the emperor Valerian. The bridge has evidently been built and rebuilt scores of times, as may be seen from the differing character of the material and the different style and size of the arches. The roadway upon it is cobble-paved, and about fifteen feet wide, and the bridge, so far from being straight, winds about in the most picturesque and random fashion, its total length being nearly six hundred yards. It is approached from the town by a modern gateway adorned with gaudy tiles, while two pillars guard the further extremity. At the time of my visit a great gap, over sixty yards in width, yawned in the very middle of the bridge, both bund and bridge having been entirely swept away by a powerful flood in the year 1835. This, however, is no uncommon experience. In 1810, Kinneir found the bund only just repaired, after a four years' restoration by Mohammed Ali Mirza, at a cost stated by De Bode as £60,000. It was again destroyed by floods in 1832; and Rawlinson, in 1836, being in command of a detachment of Persian troops, had to take over his men and guns on rafts of inflated skins. It had been repaired before 1841, in which year De Bode crossed it on his way to Dizful. Selby mentions a further collapse in the spring of 1842, when the entire bridge was under water for two days; and Loftus, in 1850, found

the passage obstructed by three of the centre arches which had fallen in during the previous winter.

After a long delay steps had at length been taken in 1889 to reconstruct the fallen section. Two unsuccessful attempts were first made to rebuild the bund, and were each swept away. Finally, the nizames-sultaneh, unable directly to meet, had essayed to circumvent the difficulty by constructing a temporary dam of baskets filled with stones, a little way above the bridge, presumably with the object of diverting and breaking the full force of the current, while the necessary repairs were carried out *in situ*. This dam, however, had been designed with very small engineering skill, for not only was it placed at the most unfavorable angle of the river, but instead of being pushed out little by little from one bank, in order to drive the current towards the other, it had been commenced simultaneously from both banks, with the result that as the two arms approached, the whole volume of the river torrent swept through the narrow aperture between, and rendered the completion of the work impossible. It had consequently been suspended as a bad job, and through a gap of about fifteen yards the water was racing with foam and fury, while the two unfinished extremities were already beginning to subside and disappear. I should not be surprised to hear that the spring floods of this year have completely wrecked it, and that the whole labor will have to be undertaken *ab initio* again. Until the bridge is repaired communication with Dizful is precarious, and at times risky.

III.—The Minau Canal. This is the artificial canal that has been diverted from the main stream through a tunnel perforated in the face of the castle rock, in order to irrigate the high-lying lands to the south of the city, round which it winds in a deeply furrowed loop. I call it by the above name, because it appears to be that by which it is now known, although Rawlinson and later travellers copying from him have designated it the Nahr-i-Daryan, or Ab-i-Miyandab—the latter, which signifies "river between two waters," being a perfectly correct description of its situation—while Colonel Bell calls it the Ab-i-Khurd. After leaving the cutting through the rock, which is said by Rawlinson to be three hundred yards long and fifteen feet broad,\* it passes into the

\* The number of the arches in Valerian's Bridge has provided an opportunity for dissensions among our authorities as startling as any error previously chronicled. Selby, at the bottom of the scale, gives nine; Kinneir gives thirty-two (twenty-eight of which were entire in 1810); Colonel Bell says over thirty; a visitor in 1881 noted thirty-seven; De Bode and Layard concur in forty-four. But Loftus takes the palm, for, exclusive of three fallen arches, he found thirty-six large, and twenty small arches still remaining. I regret to impugn the veracity of any of these excellent travellers. But I regret still more being unable to add a sixth figure to the total, owing to the total destruction of a large section of the bridge some time before my visit.

\* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. ix., p. 76.

sandy soil behind the town, and here its level was till lately regulated by artificial dams, of which the most curious is a bund, thrown right across the ravine cut by the canal, and supporting a quaintly irregular bridge, the roadway of which is stone-paved, and runs sharply uphill on one side in order to reach the top of the bank, where is a ruined gateway and guard-house. This bridge is called the Pul-i-Lashkar. When I inspected it no water was flowing through the arches of the bund, whilst I have already mentioned that on entering the town I was able to ford the shrunken continuation of the same canal at a point further to the east. The reason of its failure has been the rupture of Valerian's bund and bridge, by which the level of the river at the point where it formerly fed the canal, has been seriously lowered, and its consequence is visible in the desiccation and sterility that have overtaken the small Mesopotamia which it was intended to irrigate.

I have so frequently used the terms Valerian's bund and bridge in speaking of the Bund-i-Mizan, that it will be well now to explain that I have only done so in deference to popular legend, and because they are always so called; but in no sense because I believe that the emperor Valerian was personally engaged in their execution. It is well known that in 260 A.D. the Roman emperor, in attempting to relieve Edessa, was taken prisoner by King Shapur, who for seven years kept him in captivity (it is said in the castle at Shuster), treating him, if we are to believe a somewhat questionable legend, with extreme cruelty and indignity, and perpetuating his insults even upon the monarch's corpse. In the Shah Nameh of the Persian epic poet, Firdusi, occurs an interesting passage, in which the conqueror is said to have enlisted the engineering skill of a Roman prisoner, who was captured on the same occasion, to build, or perhaps to rebuild the (broken) bund and bridge, the freedom of the captive being the reward of success. The Roman's name is given as Baranush, or Varanus, and with the spoil taken in the emperor's camp the cost may very likely have been defrayed. I cannot, however, ascertain that there is any other historical basis than this very vicarious connection for the association of Valerian's own name with these works. There is no independent ground for believing that he was possessed of an aptitude for hydraulics; nor would a captive sovereign as a rule be of much service if converted into a civil engineer. Valerian's name is

also attached to the first dam or Bund-i-Kaisar, over the Gargar Canal; but upon no superior foundation.

Having described the character and features of the various masonry and waterworks at Shuster, let me now endeavor to explain the purpose which, severally or in combination, they were intended to serve. Of such explanations as have been furnished by earlier writers, and of which some are incorrect and others impossible, that of Sir H. Rawlinson is based at once upon the most exhaustive knowledge and the most accurate examination.\* There are, however, I think, sufficient reasons why it cannot be implicitly accepted. It rests upon the assumption that Ardeshir or his son Shapur, before any dam existed upon the Karun, or the latter had as yet been utilized for irrigation purposes, cut the artificial canal of the Gargar—a colossal work—for no reason whatever except, possibly, the strategical advantage that might thence be derived, and that the level of the main river being thus lowered, and the town deprived of water, the bed of the former was then paved, the big bund built, the Gargar dammed, and the tunnel pierced in order to supply the city and its suburbs. I venture to suggest a different order of events, more compatible both with probability and with the natural features.

Tradition, with probable justice, assigns either to Ardeshir or to Shapur the construction of the first great public works upon the Karun. We may believe that either the father or the son, recognizing the results that might be expected from a proper fertilization of the fields outside the town, ordered the erection of the great bund across the river, in order to hold up its waters, and the excavation of the tunnel and Minau Canal leading therefrom, in order to carry off a different portion of the waters so collected for irrigation purposes. Before long, however, the river, scouring a soft and friable bed, deepened its channel and ceased to fill the canal, a process which would be accelerated, if, as is probable, the bund had also broken down. It was at this critical juncture that we may assume the engineering ability of the Roman prisoner to have been invoked in order to redress the evil, and the series of waterworks which have made both the place and its founders famous, to have been initiated in their entirety. Realizing the difficulty of repairing the bund and

\* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. ix., pp. 73-6.



of adequately controlling the often swollen torrent of the Karun, as long as there remained no other exit for its superfluous waters, the monarch or the engineer ordered the excavation of the Gargar Canal through the rock on the eastern side of the town. No sooner was the cutting finished than the entire volume of the Karun rushed through it, entirely deserting the old river bed, a fact which I regard as established by two considerations. At some distance below the Gargar bund, where are the existing water-mills, is another artificial bund on which are the remains of numerous disused water-mills at such a height above the present level of the canal that it is obvious they must have been placed there when the canal occupied a much higher level. Further, throughout the entire course of the Gargar from Shuster to Bund-i-Kir, whilst the canal at present occupies a narrow bed of from sixty to seventy yards in width with steep banks, there are visible at distances varying from a few yards to half a mile from these, inland, other and higher banks, now standing up like cliff walls from the plain, but unmistakably indicating a time when they formed the confines of a much larger and more powerful stream.

The Karun having thus been emptied in the Gargar Canal, the big bund was rebuilt—or, if no previous operations were attributed to Ardeshir, was now, along with the tunnel, constructed for the first time. Simultaneously the opportunity was seized for raising and paving the river bed below the castle rock, in order to prevent any further detrition of the bottom. These undertakings being completed, and the system of irrigation which, according to my hypothesis, was their main, if not their sole *raison d'être*, being available for action, orders were now given partially to dam the Gargar Canal, so as to turn back the Karun into its original bed. At this stage then were constructed the various bunds that obstruct the course of the Gargar, whose diminished contents naturally receded from the broad channel which they had hitherto occupied, and in process of time cut for themselves their present narrow and sinuous track, which has only to be followed down to Bund-i-Kir to show that it cannot at any time have been artificially cut by man.

Such is the explanation which I offer of the hydraulic and engineering works of Shuster. They may be summed up in the following propositions: Valerian's bund was built (the bridge being raised upon it so as to admit of communication with the

opposite bank, and particularly with Dizful) in order to hold up the waters of the Karun for irrigation purposes.\* The Minau Canal was cut in order to convey the waters thus dammed to the lands behind the town, which were otherwise wholly without water supply. The Gargar Canal was cut, not for independent purposes of irrigation, but simply in order to facilitate the above operations, and to carry off the surplus waters of the main river.† In fact, a utilitarian purpose was behind each of these great undertakings, which, at a distance of sixteen hundred years, survive to demonstrate the public spirit and the spacious conception of their illustrious founder.

Upon arriving at Shuster—which, thanks to my just appreciation both of the steam-power of the Susa and of the mendacity of her engineer, I succeeded in doing about nine hours in advance of the passengers by the canal—I forwarded my credentials to the governor, and intimated my desire to pay an early call. The customary civilities passed in the interim, consisting of presents of cakes, fruit, and sweetmeats from the nizām, and tips of corresponding or superior value to his servants from myself. In the afternoon I rode to the citadel at the hour fixed for the interview. This building, to which are annexed barracks and an arsenal, is situated on the summit and extremity of the rock, where it rises with a precipitous face of over one hundred feet from the river-bed. Nature has designated this locality as the obvious site for a citadel, and from the days of Shapur downwards, it has been occupied by a *kaleh*, or fort, which at the time of the Arab conquest was known by the name of Selasil. The present edifice is a modern structure, containing no remains of the ancient castle, while it has been further altered and modernized by the reigning governor, who has rebuilt the habitable portion in the shape of a lofty two-storied tower, from whose summit a magnificent panorama is enjoyed of the river scenery and town. The entire space occupied by the buildings is said to

\* Consequently I reject the theory of Loftus, for which I do not see any foundation, that the Bund-i-Mizan was constructed, partly so as to provide a foundation for the bridge, partly to accumulate a sheet of water before the castle for the delectation of its occupant.

† The irrigation theory, and the recent date of the contraction of the Gargar, which have both been urged, are negatived by the fact mentioned by Layard, that "the excavations at Shuster, and particularly the steps leading from the town to the bed of the canal, which are evidently very ancient, are carried to the present level of the Ab-i-Gargar." (Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xvi., p. 60.)

be three or four acres, and the walls of the barracks are loop-holed towards the city, from which they are separated by an open plot—a very necessary precaution in a place of such unstable quietude as Shuster, where governor and people have often been engaged in bloody conflict. The kaleh is entered by a gateway glittering with the showy tiles that represent the debauched taste of modern Persian art, and its interior contains some pretty garden-terraces and points of outlook. Nothing, indeed, could be fairer than the landscape from the large open window at which I sat with the nizam. The river, emerging from the rugged mountain range, sunned itself placidly in the broad sweep below the cliff, while on its further bank stretched a park-like expanse of ground, dotted with venerable trees. One of the rooms in the castle contained a large tank of running water in the centre, above which was placed a wooden platform or lounge, for purposes of slumber or repose. It breathed a coolness beyond expression.

The present governor of Arabistan, whose official title is the nizam-es-sultaneh, has only within the last two years been appointed to that office, but during this time he seems to have acquired a fair reputation for justice as well as energy of administration. Though neither of good family nor distinguished antecedents, I found him to possess the inimitable manners of a Persian gentleman, which also are shared by his younger brother, the saad-ul-mulk, who is governor of Bushire. His conversation contained the usual flattery and assurance of friendly sentiments towards the English people, pitched in a more than ordinarily persuasive key. Accepting his protestations, I asked him point-blank why he did not testify their sincerity by endeavoring to remove the obstacles that had been so gratuitously placed in the way of the English firm who, in response to an invitation from his sovereign, had commenced mercantile operations upon the river. He answered that he had done, and would continue to do, everything in his power—a statement that did not precisely tally with what I knew both of his previous attitude and of his personal interests, which were believed to be directly concerned in excluding the British from the upper Karun, some sort of concession for its navigation having been granted to his brother. Intimating courteously that it was open to him to give much more practical evidence of sympathy in the future, I next related the tale of his subordinate,

the mirza, upon whom he undertook to bestow a suitable rebuke.

After I had left him, and during the remainder of my stay in Shuster, he continued to pay me every possible attention, placing the Susa absolutely at my disposal for the return journey to Ahwaz, offering me a horse, which, as I proposed leaving by river, I could not accept, and subsequently a set of elegantly chased silver coffee-cups, which also I declined, having no equivalent present to make in return. When I left the town, which was very late at night, in order that the boat might start at sunrise, he was most anxious that I should not ride out to the place of anchorage till the next morning, in order that he might send a large mounted escort with me.

The starting-point and terminus of navigation on the Ab-i-Gargar is at a spot called Shelailieh, between six and seven miles below the town, the course of the canal above that point being obstructed by more than one semi-natural, semi-artificial bund, although the Assyria, in 1842, succeeded in threading a passage to within two miles of the city. At Shelailieh, where is a miserable village on the right bank, boats are in the habit of lading or unlading their cargo, which must be conveyed to or from Shuster on donkeys or mules. I fancy that by a little blasting a channel could be opened to a point nearer the town, and that the nuisance of this rather lengthy land portage might accordingly be abridged. My descent of the Gargar Canal as far as Bund-i-Kir occupied seven and a half hours, the same time being consumed between Bund-i-Kir and Ahwaz. The canal follows a very tortuous course, and has worn in time a bed deeply sunk between banks of clay, the old banks on the higher level looking strangely forlorn in the absence of the big stream which they once confined. There is far more and thicker jungle on the banks of the Gargar than on those of the Karun; and throughout our voyage winged game, starting up from the water's edge, whirled over our heads from one bank to the other. The average width of the canal is from fifty to seventy-five yards; and a boat of over a hundred feet would find it almost impossible to make some of the turns.

As a special compliment the nizam had sent two of his suite to accompany me as far as Ahwaz. They were also bearers of letters to the mirza, whom, however, I had now so entirely forgotten in my satisfaction at having successfully accomplished the journey, and at having further caught the

Shushan, which was to wait for me up to a certain date at Ahwaz, that I went on board Messrs. Lynch's steamer without lending a thought to my obstructionist professor of a few days before. I was just turning in at 1 A.M., when a knock at my cabin door revealed the figure of the mirza, slightly the worse for liquor, and in a pitiable condition of mingled humiliation and fright. He explained that the nizam had written him a severe reprimand, and had threatened to cancel a whole year's salary for his behavior on my outward journey; and he submissively implored me to write a parting letter to his chief, saying that my vengeance was satisfied, and requesting that no further punishment should be imposed. I had no wish to inflict an injury upon the poor wretch, who had already suffered so serious a fright that he would be most unlikely to repeat the same tactics when the next English visitor should ascend the river; so I wrote the desired epistle, and we parted good friends. But whenever I hear mentioned the name of the Karun River, or of the rapids of Ahwaz, amid the din and whirl of the waters humming over the ledges, there intrudes upon my memory the vision of that inimitable mirza, seated in his mat hut between the two melancholy fratricides, with the silent *seyids*, the imperilled sheikh, and the stalwart robber-son looking chilly and imperturbably on.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

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From Macmillan's Magazine.  
A MORAL CRUSADER.\*

WE have not yet quite done with slavery, much less have we done with the legacies of slavery. The life of the great anti-slavery leader therefore has still a practical interest. But Garrison's life has an interest apart from the particular movement. The history of moral crusades hardly presents a higher example of brave, singlehearted, unambitious, and self-sacrificing devotion to a cause.

About the year 1841, with which the last two volumes open, national morality on the subject of slavery was about at its nadir. This was marked by the apostasy of Webster, the greatest and meanest of Americans, as Garrison bitterly called him, though by nature he was not mean,

and fell from grace only when exposed to the fatal temptations of the presidency. Not society only but the churches had succumbed to the monster. Boston, which flatters itself that it is the centre of morality as well as of intelligence, had shared the general lot. If you raised your voice against the "institution" there, you were assaulted and put in danger of your life by a most respectable mob. Slavery had left far behind the period when it was content to exist as tolerated evil, which only begged for a short respite that it might quietly take itself away. By the life of Calhoun it had declared itself a positively beneficial institution, and the best relation that could exist between the white race and the negro. It was not far from declaring itself the best relation that could exist between capital and labor in general. It aspired to indefinite extension, annexed Texas, and trampled morality under its victorious feet by dragging the country into the Mexican War.

So mephitic was the atmosphere, now and for some time afterwards, that it even quenched the light of great foreign luminaries of philanthropy and liberty when they were let down into it. Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance, visited the United States in 1849. He had signed in Ireland, in company with Daniel O'Connell and sixty thousand other Irishmen, an address from the people in Ireland to their countrymen and countrywomen in America declaring that slavery was a sin against God and man, and adjuring the American Irish by all the honor of Ireland and their fealty to freedom to treat the colored people as their equals and as brethren, to hate slavery and to cleave to Abolition. Naturally the Abolitionists hailed the advent of Father Mathew. Mr. Garrison waited on him with an invitation to participate in that glorious event—the abolition of slavery in British West Indies. But it soon appeared that the object of the visit was far from agreeable to Father Mathew. He had as much as he could do, he said, to save men from the slavery of intemperance without attempting the overthrow of any other kind of slavery. When reminded of the Irish address, he spoke as if the act had passed from his memory, and when forced to recall it could only say that it subjected him to a good deal of odium. Not a syllable fell from his lips expressive of sympathy with American effort on behalf of the negro or of joy at the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies. "It is with great sorrow of heart," says Garrison, in giving an

\* William Lloyd Garrison: [1805-1879] the Story of his Life told by his Children. Vols. III. and IV. [1841-1879]. New York. For a notice of the first two volumes see *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, 1886.

account of the interview, "that I lay these facts before America, Ireland, and the world."

Kossuth was another disappointment. From him, the great champion of liberty, the Abolitionists expected thrilling eloquence in favor of the liberation of the slave. But his first words on landing at New York showed that he meant to be neutral or worse. "I take it," he said, "to be the duty of honor and principle not to meddle with any party question of your own domestic affairs. Let others delight in the part of a knight-errant for theories; it is not my case. I am the man of the great principle of the sovereignty of every people to dispose of its own domestic concerns, and I must deny to every foreigner, as to every foreign power, the right to oppose the sovereign faculty." The emperor of Austria might perhaps have pleaded that he had as much right to the name of "a sovereign faculty," as the slave-owners of the United States. Kossuth did even worse than this. He referred to the pro-slavery invasion and spoliation of Mexico as "The glorious struggle you had not long ago in Mexico in which General Scott drove the president of the republic from his capital." In short he entirely fell in with the views of the speaker at one of his meetings who said, not in jest, that "Slavery was a part of American liberty with which foreigners had no right to interfere." But the Abolitionists were under a delusion from the beginning in expecting sympathy from Kossuth. He was what they resentfully called him "a mere Hungarian, nothing more." He was the champion of a dominant race asserting its own independence against the Austrian Empire, but seeking to hold the Slavonic population of Hungary in subjection at the same time. Hungarian patriotism altogether was aristocratic and equivocal. The strong part of the Hungarian cause was the protest against Russian intervention, and the moment for pressing this in the United States was not a very happy one, since it was the morrow of the Mexican War.

Another case of backsliding was that of the Free Church of Scotland, which after its secession had taken measures for an œcumenical council, including a contingent from the slave-owning States. This called down Garrison's anathema in the shape of a vote of thanks, passed on his motion by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society: "To our untiring coadjutor, Henry C. Wright, for the fidelity with which he has unmasked the vaunted Free

Church of Scotland for conniving at the great iniquity of American slavery by soliciting and receiving its pecuniary assistance and religious co-operation." In response to the resolution the Scotch emancipationists raised a loud cry of "Send the money back." The Free Kirk was ultra-Biblical and probably took a Mosaic view of the destiny of the children of Ham. Stonewall Jackson, who was not less devout in his Calvinistic way than he was brave, is understood to have been impelled by that conviction. "Send us," cries Garrison to his English friends, "no more Baptist clerical delegates or Methodists or Presbyterian or Quaker delegates; they have all played into the hands of slavery against the Abolitionists. From Dr. C. down to the last delegation they have all done evil work and strengthened slavery against us. Like the priest and the Levite, they have passed us by and gone on the other side. They found the cause of Abolitionism unpopular. The mass of society were pro-slavery, so they went with them and we have gone to the wall."

The American Churches by their conduct during these years brought, we fear, a stain on Christianity. They ought to remember this when they cast a stone at an Established Church. If a Church is under political and social influence, and allows itself to be seduced by it from her allegiance to Gospel morality, it signifies little whether the influence takes the form of a royal supremacy or that of the pressure to which the conscience of the American Churches succumbed. When the rupture with slavery came, the Protestant Churches generally wheeled over to the anti-slavery side; the Methodist Church especially was zealous in the support of the war. The Anglican Church showed its superior consistency, if not its superior Christianity, by remaining generally Copperhead. It, in fact, became a religious asylum of Copperheads, one of whom is said to have justified his conversion to it by saying that there was no Church that meddled so little with either your politics or your religion. Bishop Cox, of western New York, who stood up nobly for the Union and against slavery, formed a contrast to the majority of his brethren. Calhoun could boast that "the Episcopal Church was impenetrable to anti-slavery." The cause of this was largely social, the Anglican Church having its stronghold among the wealthy and conservative classes. Dr. Channing sorrowfully admitted the pro-slavery character of American

religion; and Gerritt Smith, a most excellent man, said: "I do not hesitate to make the remark, though it may seem infidel in the eyes of many, that were all the religions in this land, the good and bad mixed, to be this day blotted out, there would remain as much ground as there now is for the hope of the speedy termination of American slavery." The behavior of the Churches inevitably led to very strained relations between them and the Garrisonians, and some heavy hitting ensued. At the New England Convention, in May, 1841, Mr. Garrison moved a resolution "that among the responsible classes among the slave-owning States in regard to the existence of slavery, the religious professions, and especially the clergy, stand wickedly pre-eminent and ought to be unsparingly exposed and re-proved before all the people." This did not seem strong enough to Mr. Henry C. Wright, who moved by way of amendment, "that the Church and clergy of the United States as a whole constitute a great brotherhood of thieves, inasmuch as they countenance and support the highest kind of theft, that is man-stealing." Mr. Jacob Ferris went even beyond this, by declaring at a meeting, "that the Methodist-Episcopal Church is worse than any brothel in the city of New York." We can scarcely be surprised if on this occasion the Church responded with tumult and rotten eggs.

As a matter of course the Churches charged Garrison with infidelity, and not only with infidelity "but with blasphemous atheism." Some of his associates, undoubtedly, were decided freethinkers. His opinions, as the battle went on, evidently became, to say the least, less orthodox; though he certainly remained a firm believer not only in God but in Christ, as the pattern of character and as having spoken the words of eternal life, whatever he might think about the creeds. He asserted the right of free inquiry, saying with evident justice that the more divine the Bible was the better it would bear examination. To him the slave law of the Pentateuch must have been a great stumbling-block, and he does not appear to have known how to answer Bishop Hughes, when that prelate proved from the Old Testament that slavery was a divine ordinance, any better than Voltaire knew how to answer the defenders of Genesis who pointed to fossil shells as proofs of the deluge. He probably was little versed in history, certainly in the philosophy of history, and therefore could not see that slav-

ery as a primeval institution might have been consistent with morality in its day, while its revival in a civilized age was a hideous anachronism. Like many other sceptics who try to make up in another way for what they have lost, Garrison was fascinated by spiritualism.

At a meeting at New York there was this lively scene. Mr. Garrison said: "Shall we look to the Episcopal Church for hope? It was the boast of John C. Calhoun, shortly before his death, that that Church was impregnable to anti-slavery. That vaunt was founded on truth, for the episcopal clergy and laity are buyers and sellers of human flesh. We cannot therefore look to them. Shall we look to the Presbyterian Church? The whole weight of it is on the side of oppression. Ministers and people buy and sell slaves, apparently without any compunctious visitings of conscience. We cannot therefore look to them, nor to the Baptists, nor to the Methodists; for they, too, are against the slave; and all the sects are combined to prevent that jubilee which it is the will of God should come. . . . Be not startled when I say that a belief in Jesus is no evidence of goodness (hisses); no, friends —"

VOICE. "Yes, it is."

MR. GARRISON. "Our friend says 'yes;' my position is 'no.' It is worthless as a test, for the reason I have already assigned in reference to the other tests. His praises are sung in Louisiana, Alabama, and the other Southern States just as well as in Massachusetts."

CAPTAIN RYNDERS. "Are you aware that the slaves in the South have their prayer-meetings in honor of Christ?"

MR. GARRISON. "Not a slave-holding or a slave-breeding Jesus. (Sensation.) The slaves believe in a Jesus that strikes off chains. In this country Jesus has become obsolete. A profession in him is no longer a test. Who objects to his course in Judea? The old Pharisees are extinct, and may safely be denounced. Jesus is the most respectable person in the United States. (Great sensation and murmurs of disapprobation.) Jesus sits in the president's chair in the United States. (A thrill of horror here seemed to run through the assembly.) Zachary Taylor sits there, which is the same thing, for he believes in Jesus. He believes in war, and the Jesus that 'gave the Mexicans hell.' (Up-roar and confusion.)"

All this time the *Liberator* continued to appear though it barely paid its way, and Garrison continued to go his mission



ary rounds. He was travelling with Frederick Douglas (a half-breed, it will be remembered, and a man of education and distinction) in Pennsylvania when Douglas, having humbly taken his seat in the "niggers" carriage, was ordered by a white passenger to give up his seat, and having declined to do so unless he were asked in a civil manner was summarily dragged out. Douglas was not allowed to sit down at the eating-table, and for two days was almost without food. So far was the moral poison of slavery from being confined to the South.

Garrison's biographers say of him, with general justice, that there was nothing Utopian or extravagant in his views of life, that he sympathized with every honest effort for the improvement of mankind, could make allowance for aberration, and while his movement, like other fervid movements, unavoidably drew to itself the insane, the unbalanced, and the blindly enthusiastic, he himself remained calm and steadfast. He happily steered clear of the sinister prophet of Perfectionism, Mr. Noyes, and his religious community. On the other hand, he took up with some movements which to the unenthusiastic might seem doubtful, such as Prohibitionism, which he extended to tobacco, and Woman's Rights, into which he was drawn after some hesitation, probably by the sympathy which women showed for his own movement. He thought it right, as he said himself, to be anti-devil all round, or as the scoffers said, "a monomaniac on every subject." The most equivocal association into which he lapsed was Irish repeal. Evidently he had not studied the question, but, following too closely for an apostle the example of the politicians, called himself a repealer in expectation of attracting the support of the Irish, for which he had some reason to hope after the highly praiseworthy utterances of O'Connell. He was utterly disappointed. O'Connell's anti-slavery address, with its sixty thousand signatures, was received by the Irish press with sneers and denunciations. The Roman Catholic bishop, Hughes, of New York, impugned its genuineness and called upon all naturalized Irishmen to resist and repudiate it as emanating from a foreign source. The naturalized Irishmen responded to the bishop's call with a vengeance. "The instinct of this, the lowest class of the white population of the North," the biographers remark, "taught it that to acknowledge the brotherhood of the negro was to take away the sole social superior-

ity that remained to it," to say nothing of the forfeiture of the political power and plunder which it enjoyed through its alliance with the Democratic party. The Irish rabble of Philadelphia made their reply by murderous rioting directed in the first instance against a peaceable first of August procession, and ending with the burning of a beneficial hall built for moral purposes by one of the more prosperous of the persecuted race—a foretaste this of the anti-draft riot, which in the third year of the war filled New York with blood and havoc and which the Americans repressed by a short and sharp Coercion Act, shooting down in a few hours a great many more Irish than have suffered under British Coercion Acts for political or agrarian crimes since the Union.

In 1850 a memorable ally appeared upon the scene. Mrs. Stowe brought out in a collected form "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which had previously been published by instalments in the Washington *National Era*. Garrison gave it a rapturous notice in the *Liberator*. It does not seem, however, that the book produced any very strong demonstration against the Fugitive Slave law, which was then the burning issue, or that it materially strengthened the steady work of the Abolitionists. The Fugitive Slave law remained unrepealed till Secession. Wendell Phillips speaks of the effect as a passing spasm. Perhaps there is a moral in this. It may be that we overrate altogether the effect produced by controversial or propagandist novels. People feel that what they have been reading belongs to the domain of fiction; and when they get into the domain of reality think of it little more. It is certain that in England the book was eagerly read, praised, and perhaps wept over by numbers of people who, when the day of action came, passed to the other side.

The apparent hopelessness of the political outlook, combined, as we may suppose, with the workings of Garrison's own mind, led him to take up what seems a pretty desperate position. He declared for the repeal of the Union. At a meeting in Faneuil Hall he passed a resolution to the effect that the union of liberty and slavery was as impossible as the amalgamation of fire and gunpowder; that the American Union was a hollow mockery instead of a glorious reality; and that the time was rapidly approaching when it would be dissolved in form as it was in fact. "No union with slave-owners!" henceforth became his cry. His followers, when they celebrated West Indian Eman-

cipation, bore as the tokens of the new crusade banners inscribed with disunion sentiments. Violently denounced and warming under the denunciations, he proceeded to anathematize the Constitution and to declare it "A covenant with death and an agreement with hell." He derided as sophisms all attempts to show that it did not countenance slavery, because it avoided the name slave, pointing to the facts that it gave the South proportional representation for its slaves, that it legalized the slave trade for twenty years, and that it embraced the Fugitive Slave law. "The framers," he said with considerable truth, "were intent on securing liberty to themselves without being very scrupulous as to the means. They were not actuated by the spirit of universal philanthropy, though in words they recognized the brotherhood of the race but in practice they denied it. They enslaved their fellow-men and sold them like cattle, while they were fighting against the oppression of the mother country and boasting of the rights of man. Why then concede to them virtues which they did not possess?" The idea of amending the Constitution in an anti-slavery sense he relegated to limbo. To tear it up and repeal the Union was henceforth his fixed aim, and he carried most of his followers with him. He disenfranchised himself and refused to vote in elections. His movement was to be purely moral. He at the same time embraced the most extreme doctrine of non-resistance and of opposition to all war. This, no doubt, was a clear moral position, but it assumed either that slavery was, like murder, a crime not to be tolerated for a moment, or that all hopes of gradual and peaceful abolition were gone. Moreover, by cutting the South adrift the negro would have been abandoned to his fate.

To declare war against the Union and against the Constitution was to dash yourself against a sentiment which though not absolutely moral or deserving to be laid in the moral balance against a strictly moral principle, was at all events a good deal more respectable than the sordid servility of Wall Street or the passions of an Irish mob. The feeling of the Americans for the Union was perhaps as high and as worthy of tender treatment as anything connected with self-aggrandisement can be. About the strength of the feeling there can be no doubt. It has had force since the war to reconcile those who fought on opposite sides in that long and desperate struggle and to bring the sol-

diers of Lee and Meade together as brethren on the field of Gettysburg.

A certain portion of the anti-slavery men refused to follow Garrison's lead and continued as the "Liberty Party" to combine moral with political action. No doubt in their relations with the regular political parties they were awkwardly placed, and the practical result of their movement was small; but it seems to us that there was more reason in their course than Garrison's biographers are willing to allow. We find it difficult to convince ourselves that in any circumstances a man can be justified in renouncing his character as a citizen and refuse to give his country the benefit of his conscientious vote. When the time came Garrison had to admit that the Republican party, on the whole, had been the anti-slavery party, and even that it had made great sacrifices for that cause. Surely this was a practical reason, not perhaps for identifying himself with the party, but for supporting it against its adversary all along.

The moral movement and the political movement, however, went on in their different planes. The overbearing domination of the slave owners, and especially the challenge which they were indiscreet enough to fling to the Northern conscience in the Fugitive Slave law, provoked political resistance, which gradually became instinct with the moral sentiment; so that the two forces began to be blended. Garrison found himself receiving orations and placed in the seat of honor, where before he had been mobbed, pelted, and dragged out to be hanged. Meantime the march of events was quickened. Judge Taney, with an abominable frankness, defined slavery in terms which brought its iniquity home to every mind and stabbed the public conscience to the quick. John Brown, with fevered brain, fired what proved to be the first shot of civil war. Then came the election of Lincoln, which the slave-owner with good reason took as a proof that his "peculiar institution" was no longer safe in the Union. Garrison's biographers have honestly recounted the ignominious efforts made by Congress at the last moment to lure the South back into the Union by tendering increased securities for slavery. They and all reasonable Americans must see that the English or any other foreigners could hardly be expected to look behind these acts of Congress and to regulate their sympathies on the hypothesis that people who declared their willingness to establish slavery immutably and forever were really in arms

for abolition. However, the firing on Fort Sumter ended parley, and there was civil war.

What was Garrison, the repealer of the Union, the anathematizer of the Constitution, the non-resistance man, and preacher against all war, to do in face of war, and of a war professedly undertaken to restore the Union and maintain the Constitution? As might have been expected, his theoretic principles gave way to practical policy. He said that when he had declared the Constitution to be "A covenant with death and an agreement with hell," he never thought that death and hell would secede from the Constitution. And as to fighting, he said that those who did it were not upon the plane of Jesus, but only upon that of Moses and Gideon, winking hard for the time at the difference between the two dispensations. His practical good sense told him that at any rate it was a battle between a slave power and a free power, in which he ought to be on the side of the free power. He cast in his lot, in effect, heartily with the Republican party and with the war. John Bright, a Quaker, opposed in principle to all war, took the same line.

He did not at first give his full confidence to Lincoln, nor was he, or any one but a blind partisan, called upon to do so. Lincoln was a Western politician who had risen by the same arts as the rest of his class, and had been nominated not so much for his merits as because he had the Illinois vote. He turned out infinitely better than those who brought him forward had any right to expect. His character proved admirable, and was most useful in giving tone to the nation during the struggle. But his ability after all was chiefly shown in keeping that touch with popular sentiment, the cultivation of which is the supreme study of the politician. The writers of these volumes have to admit that his plans for dealing with the slavery question in the Border States by means of indemnities were mistaken and almost fatuous. Nor can it be said that the war was ably administered while the management was in his hands. The great service which Grant rendered was that of taking the war out of the hands of all the civilians and grasping it in his own. Of finance Lincoln was ignorant, and the story was credible which made him, when told that funds ran low, ask whether the printing-machine had given out. How he would have dealt with the most difficult problem of all, that of reconstruction, nobody knows. Lincoln's martyrdom to the

great cause, combined with the pride felt in exalting an American "railsplitter" above all the statesmanship of the Old World, have, we cannot help thinking, led the Americans to raise Lincoln to an unapproachable pinnacle of glory as a statesman on which, when the final judgment of history is pronounced, he will hardly remain. America may perhaps yet produce a greater man. Garrison, however, soon recognized the worth of Lincoln's character and his integrity of purpose through all the clouds thrown over them by the necessities of an equivocal position, perhaps also by the ingrained habits of the politician; and he cordially supported Lincoln's re-election. In this he formed a contrast to Wendell Phillips whose fiery spirit would brook no delay, and whose eloquence was greater than his judgment.

The war began as a constitutional struggle for the restoration of the Union, the moral object of abolishing slavery being thrown into the background or actually abjured. But, as the conflict went on, the progress of opinion, and still more of feeling, conspired with the necessities of war to make it a struggle for emancipation. In the end, Garrison and the moral movement rode in the car of victory into Charleston. "One of the most impressive scenes," says one who was there, "I have witnessed was Wm. Lloyd Garrison standing at the grave of John C. Calhoun." The tomb was a great marble slab, with the name of the great statesman of slavery as the sole and sufficient epitaph.

Garrison stands almost alone among agitators in having closed not only his agitation but his public career when the object of his movement was gained, showing decisively thereby that he had been animated not by restless ambition but by devotion to his cause. Wendell Phillips insisted on going on, and go on he did from one agitation to another to the end of his passionate and stormy life. Garrison behaved to Phillips on the occasion with perfect generosity, nor did Phillips fail to respond. "In my experience," he said, "of well-nigh thirty years I have never met the anti-slavery man or woman who had struck any effectual blow at the slave system of this country whose action was not born out of the heart and conscience of Wm. Lloyd Garrison." So in spite of the efforts of mischief-makers to stir up rivalry, Paul and Barnabas parted in peace.

At the close of the year 1865, Garrison set with his own hands the final paragraph to the valedictory in the last number of the *Liberator*, the little group in the

printing office standing silently round and witnessing the closing act. A more solemn moment there could hardly be in any life. After this, there came only congratulations and orations, which Garrison accepted with frank delight and without undue elation. He accepted also without any affected reluctance the very moderate provision which public gratitude made for his old age. In an address of thanks for a watch presented to him as a testimonial, he said that if it had been a rotten egg he should have felt more at home in acknowledging it. A man who has been long injured to abuse may really be disconcerted by praise. It may even at first produce an unpleasant sensation as something strange and suspicious.

Garrison lived on to 1879 in quiet retirement, but still taking an interest in public affairs and writing about them in journals. Among other things he vigorously denounced Mr. Blaine, who was bidding for the presidency by advocating the exclusion of the Chinese. We should have liked to hear more, and it is curious that we do not hear more, of his opinions about reconstruction and of the future of the negro at the South. From one passage we should gather that he recognized the political inferiority of the negroes and had some misgivings, as well he might have, with regard to their capacity for immediate enfranchisement. "When was it ever known," he says in reply to one who had complained of Lincoln's hesitation, "that liberation from bondage was accompanied by a recognition of political equality? Chattels personal may be instantly translated from the auction-block into freemen; but when were they ever taken at the same time to the ballot-box and invested with all political rights and immunities? According to the laws of development and progress it is not practicable." Attention to the laws of development and progress might perhaps have modified his language, even about slavery itself, though it need not have changed his practical course. But no reason is given us for doubting that he heartily accepted the measure when it came. His mind, however, was not that of a statesman, nor had he the ken which pierces futurity. He was simply an organ of public morality and the soul of a revolt against a great domination of wrong.

Out of the grave of slavery has arisen the terrible problem of the races, and a dark cloud hangs over the future of the Southern States. Some may have begun to doubt whether Garrison's original policy

of repealing the Union might not after all have been the best for the North. But whatever may be the issue, there need be no misgiving as to the measure of gratitude due to the overthrowers of slavery. There lies before me a copy of the "City Ordinances of Atlanta," which fell into the hands of the captors when Sherman's army entered the city. It is a hideous monument of the system, and dissipates at once any idea that the institution was educational or could have for its object or effect the gradual elevation of the negro. To keep the negro down; to prevent him from plying even any little industry which might raise his condition and give him a taste of independence; to keep him at a level barely above that of a brute beast, is evidently the object of the legislators. The book is instinct with the spirit of a reign of terror which must have been as deadly to the character of the white as to that of the slave himself. And by economical necessity, as well as by temper, slavery was not stationary; it was propagandist and aggressive.

Even the incidents reproduced in this brief notice are enough to show that Garrison was not without his weak points. We can understand that to people of cool temperament and strong political tendencies, even if they were not slave-owners, he may have appeared fanatical. He never takes a historical view of the question, nor does he distinguish between household slavery, which, in the household of a Virginian gentleman such as Washington, was probably not intolerable, and plantation slavery, with its Legrees, which was the real abomination. The particular evil against which he fought was in his eyes the sum of all evils, and its abolition was to bring new heavens and a new earth. This is only saying that he was a moral crusader. But we repeat that of the moral crusader he is an excellent type. We see no trace in his life of the selfishness of vanity or leadership any more than of selfishness of any other kind. Nor amidst all his hard fighting and his vehemence, which under persecution and calumny was sometimes pardonably excessive, does he seem even to have become embittered. In his valedictory he expresses his pleasure at finding himself no longer in conflict with the mass of his fellow-countrymen, and we have no doubt that he spoke from his heart. As a private citizen he more than fulfilled all righteousness, and his home life seems to have been altogether virtuous, affectionate, and sweet.

The scale of the first two volumes, which

threatened portentous length, has not been kept up, and four portly volumes comprise the whole. But four portly volumes are at least three volumes and a half too much for a life of Garrison which is to be read and to keep his memory alive. These are the archives of the Anti-Slavery Movement which their custodians have no doubt done right in placing in the muniment room of history. Now let them give the world a short life of the leader of that movement.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

From Murray's Magazine.  
BOUND FOR GREEN FIELDS.

#### PART I.

It was a lovely May morning, a morning on which even the life of an omnibus conductor seemed endurable. Besides, the particular company for which Archy Johnston worked had become infected by Socialistic principles, to the extent of only employing their hands from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M., and giving them, as a rule, the alternate Sundays. So that, as things went, he might be considered well off.

Better off, at all events, than the pale young man who, as Archy completed his arrangements before starting, watched him, with a rather melancholy air, from the curbstone. For this pale young man, whose name was Warner, by special permission of the company, to whom a benevolent clergyman had appealed on Warner's behalf, came every morning at seven o'clock to see if there was a conductor off work, and, if there was, to take his place on the omnibus. For the last month he had presented himself regularly, and the men had come to know, and have a kindly feeling towards him; but in that month he had only been on duty seven days. This fact inevitably raised the question as to what Warner did with himself when no vacancies occurred. He did not look as if he did anything very remunerative. Nothing more remunerative, probably Archy guessed correctly, as he glanced across, than tramping the streets in search of permanent employment.

Archy's omnibus started last, and he had two or three minutes to spare; so, being a sociable young fellow, he crossed over to speak to Warner, who, for his part, responded with an anxious good-will in which, if Archy had known, there was a certain undercurrent of penitence. The fact was Warner had just been thinking, as he saw the omnibuses roll away, and

realized with a sigh that all the men were on duty: "What if one of them were to die, and he were taken on as a permanent hand?" The iniquity of this thought to his kindly and gentle nature seemed terrible, and the consciousness of guilt made his tone to Archy one of deprecating cordiality.

He did not in any way appeal for pity, and yet the few facts Archy drew from him were an appeal to any one conversant with the city. He lived a mile away, 24 Dilk Street, an address that lingered curiously in Archy's memory. He had been a carpenter, and comfortably off; but now he was hopelessly out of work, and with his wife and their young child, had been living how he could.

"We feel it most, you see," he said in his patient way, "for the child." Then he checked himself, as if he had said too much, and added quite hopefully, "But it's a long lane that has no turning, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Archy, reserving to himself a reflection that life contained some very long lanes indeed, as not of a cheering character.

No more passed between them just then, for the conductor's time was up. But the next morning, as his eyes encountered the depressed-looking figure again, a sudden impulse seized him.

"Can you take my place to-day?" he said, accosting Warner; "I'm awfully anxious to have the day, but I can't risk getting sacked."

Warner's face beamed.

"I told Janet this morning," he said, as he followed Archy, "I'd a feeling I should be in luck to-day."

"It's just here," said Archy, staring straight before him. "I'm thinking of going down into the country for a day—or two—or maybe more—I can't exactly tell, not being on the spot, how long I may require to stay. And it would be a load off my mind to know my place wouldn't be snapped up."

"I'll keep it for you," said Warner energetically, "and give it up to you when you come back; for it's a queer thing, as I know, to be thrown out of work. And I'm sure I hope you'll have a pleasant journey. Beautiful down in the country this time of year, ain't it?"

"Ah!" said Archy. "Yes, the country's a fine place, especially, as you say, about this time of the year, when you can lie down in a field and smoke a pipe without catching cold, otherwise than from the general treachery of the climate. Natural



objects, as meadows, spring flowers, cows, windmills, rippling streams, a blue sky when it don't happen to be rainy, fresh air, plenty of wholesome victuals, that's my style."

Archy had spoken jerkily and rapidly, but with entire composure; and yet there was something in his tone, a suggestion of a possible want of sincerity, that made Warner's brain whirl.

"I expect that would be all our styles," he said timidly, "if we could afford it. You've friends in the country, I suppose."

"Ah!" replied Archy benignantly, looking at Warner for the first time. "Lots of 'em. Fellows who would share their last crust with me. But it ain't come to that; they live on the fat of the land, I call it."

"You're a lucky fellow," said Warner admiringly.

"Well," said Archy, with still deeper gravity, "sometimes I think I *am* in luck's way — now you mention it. Especially this morning. And now I think as there's a particular train I have it in my mind to catch, and as your time's just up, I'll bid you good-day."

He grasped Warner's hand, and turned away. After all, he had said and done nothing remarkable; and yet, such was the serene benignity of his tone and manner, that, for a moment Warner stood stock-still on the pavement, staring after him.

Archy went back to his lodgings; but he could not rest there, and soon he went out again. He found himself wondering what Warner's wife and child were like, and it struck him, that as he had nothing else to do, he would go round by Dilk Street.

It was a small street of tiny, jerry-built houses, with their numbers inscribed very legibly on the doors, so that Archy had no difficulty in recognizing 24. There was a brown blind over the lower half of the window; but Archy's tall head rose above it, and as he passed he glanced furtively in, as if it were a crime. It was a small, bare room, with no furniture but a deal table, a box or two, and an old rocking-chair drawn up to the hearth, whose fire had gone out. On that rocking-chair a girl was sitting, with a baby in her arms, rocking slowly to and fro, and singing wearily, over and over again, —

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet.

A mere girl she looked, but very wasted, and her cheeks had not a tinge of color;

and yet it was one of the sweetest faces, Archy thought, that he had ever seen. If this was Warner's wife, perhaps he was a lucky fellow after all.

He wondered if there was anything to eat in the house. She did not look as if there was. But, for the life of him, he dared neither ask her, nor order anything to be sent from the nearest provision dealer's; and though he thought of all kinds of expedients for getting a shilling inside the door that should look as if it belonged to one of them, and had been mislaid, none of them were feasible. If it had been dusk, he thought, scanning the water-spout with a critical eye, he might have clambered on the roof and dropped the shilling down the chimney. He was nearly as tall as the house already, and he could climb like a sailor. But it was broad daylight; and at last — he had been lounging all this time in front of a small grocer's shop close by — he turned away in despair, reflecting that, after all, Warner had had a day's work on Monday, and it was only Wednesday. He would go now into some other quarter of the city, and look for work himself. For work? Well, yes. It was hardly that he consciously made up his mind to do so. But that was what he did.

#### PART II.

It was a month later, and Archy had not gone back to his old position. Neither, however, had he found regular work. If he had gone to the right quarters, it may be said, of course he might have found it. He might have been assisted to emigrate, and a dozen things. But, unluckily, the poor are seldom conversant with the many admirable schemes set on foot for their relief; and Archy had a general idea that philanthropic institutions only drove an individual from one official to another, without really doing anything for him. It was a mistake, of course, but one of the natural results of the division of labor. Archy stood, indeed, for a moment outside the doors of the General Relief Committee; but there the beautiful probability of his story of having a place as omnibus conductor that he had not been dismissed from, and yet could not go back to, owing to having heard a white-faced girl, through a window, singing the "Meeting of the Waters" — as related to a credulous Relief Committee, struck him so forcibly that he broke into a loud laugh as he turned away.

But it was not a cheery laugh. Though he had given up his old lodging and been

sleeping where he could, the few pence he contrived to earn were not enough to keep him, and for weeks he had not had a hearty meal. A dull despair was creeping over him; but he tramped blindly on, asking for work, till he fancied that the officials at different establishments were looking on him with suspicion, as one whom they had refused before. And all the time he knew that he might go back to his old place. Warner would give it up without a murmur, or a grudge, he was that kind of fellow. Then he fancied Warner going home to tell his wife the news, and then he fell to wondering how they were getting on. He fancied he would go and see.

That day when Warner's omnibus stopped at the end of the route, at one o'clock, every passenger had left it. They had a quarter of an hour to wait; and the driver slipped hastily across to his favorite public-house, which was conveniently situated. Warner looked eagerly up and down the street, as if expecting some one; but it was almost deserted. There was a policeman a little way down; there was a shabby-looking fellow standing at the corner, against a lamp-post, with his hat slouched over his eyes—no one else. Warner's face fell; but it lightened again in a moment, as a girlish figure emerged from a street nearly opposite, and ran lightly across to the omnibus. Warner held out his hand, and she sprang in.

"Here it is," she said proudly, unpacking her small basket. "You can't guess what I've made you for dinner to-day, and if you eat it now I do believe it will be hot."

"Meat pie, Janet!" said Warner. "Well, you *are* a cook and no mistake. I've twelve minutes—blest if there ain't that unfortunate old lady who always comes a quarter of an hour before we're timed to start."

"She's a long way off," said Janet, with a look of disappointment. "Go on with your pie, Will; she won't be here yet awhile."

But the old lady, having made various frantic and far-off signals, was increasing her speed, which suggests to a casual observer the inadvisability, in a general way, of attempting to persuade a woman that a tram, or train, which she literally sees before her with horses, or an engine, attached, is *not* going to start till the time appointed. Statistics are very well—she sees the time-table. Nothing has altered, it never started before then; it never will. No—oh, no; but the safest side is inside.

"Very well, then," said Warner reluctantly. "Hang the old girl—look at her umbrella!"

They kissed each other hastily in the omnibus, thinking that no one saw them. Least of all the aimless vagabond at the corner with hat slouched over his eyes, who was looking at nothing. He—ah, no! Then Janet sprang down again; and presently the old lady mounted the step, and Warner ate his meat pie furtively, between maintaining a conversation on the drink traffic, a subject in which his passenger seemed to take an absorbing interest; but then she had had her lunch before she started. Yet Warner had also time to reflect, pleasantly, on how much better Janet was looking, and what a color she had, and wondered, also, if the young man who had gone into the country would be back to-morrow, and couldn't help hoping not. Then more passengers entered, and the driver hurried back at the last moment, stuffing a large fragment of bread and butter into his pocket; and the omnibus rolled away.

But that night, when Warner returned to the small house in Dilk Street, he found a note thrust under the door, that no one had noticed. It ran thus:—

"DEAR MR. WARNER,—

"I leave this note in passing, to say I have given up my place as conductor for good, and therefore hope you will stick to it as long as it suits you. I have made up my mind to stay down in the country.

"Yours, with best wishes,

"ARCHY JOHNSTON."

MAY KENDALL.

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From The Gentleman's Magazine.

#### A SUMMER STROLL IN SUSSEX.

THIS old secluded common, upon which the traveller comes suddenly out of a narrow, shaded lane, covers not more than thirty acres, and is clothed with fine, short grass, which has been cropped for centuries by the geese, the sheep, and the cattle of the cotters close by. Crossed by two white, winding roads, and sloping down towards the west, the common is bordered all round by such a landscape as the shepherds showed to Bunyan's pilgrim from the Delectable Mountains. A well-wooded landscape, every field edged by thick-leaved trees, and except the three ancient cottages below me on the left with their uneven roofs, weather-beaten oak

timbers, and rough plastering, a barn and a haystack opposite, and some sign of order in the near fields, not a trace of human occupation for miles and miles. This is a bit of undisturbed old English scenery, little changed since the days when messengers from the court travelled, perchance by this very road to the great castle at Horsfield, but a few hundred years ago a thriving seaport, now a mouldering hamlet with fragments of a ruined keep left behind by the far receded sea. On the south stretches the long range of downs, with grey, rounded hollows and gently undulating outlines soft against the faint blue sky; right in front is the wide and peaceful expanse of open country, hill and dale, wood and meadow, luminously misty under the morning sun; northwards a thin, shadowy line on the horizon rises above the nearer wooded brow, and the spire of a far distant church, with the trees on the forest ridge twenty miles away, are just within the range of a keen eye. Whichever way I look it is surpassingly fair and pleasant. In one corner of the common, with bush and bramble on its banks, is a quiet pool, and a little moorhen: half flies, half paddles, across it into the rushes in the far corner at the sound of a footstep. The warm, turbid water is much of it hidden by the delicate white blossom of the water crowfoot, but here and there a wide, bare piece glimmers in the sunshine, and upon these patches the boatmen or backswimmers are rowing themselves about by their long hind legs. Round and round in another blank spot a little company of whirlwig beetles keeps up a perpetual dance; they look guileless and merry enough, and so do the boatmen for the matter of that, but like most of the denizens of this peaceful pool, they are fierce, voracious, and even wanting in natural affection, for, failing other food, they will eat one another. Under the floating weed, lurking by the edges of the flat lily-leaves, a monster whose very movement is suggestive of murder, floats along. Of an unpleasant, sickly color, moving without apparent effort, and with savage jaws ready for its prey, it resembles a thick, wingless dragon-fly, carrying itself erect, with an overgrown head and goggle eyes bent forward in search of defenceless innocence. I love nature and most living things, but this cruel, uncanny creature, as it creeps from the shelter of the leaves and lurks in the shadow, seems all unnatural, and has nothing one fancies in common with the sweet and soothing sights and sounds which are around us. This unwholesome

object when he changes, as change he will, becomes a sober-looking beetle, and if you meet him (he has then two lives, one on land and one in the water, or perhaps one may say three lives, for he flies) his respectable black will command your sympathy; but his nature will not change, for the great water beetle is always fierce and cruel and uncompromising, and he will cut short a conjugal dispute by eating his wife, or, to speak more strictly by the book, his wife will most likely eat him, as she is much bigger and stronger than her mate!

The water swarms with life; round the edge are clusters of tadpoles wriggling their little tails; here and there a water newt may be seen for a second as he travels past; all kinds of creatures in all stages of development find in this secluded pond alike a nursery and a hunting-ground. But, in spite of this, most of the country-folk would not scruple to drink from the pool if they were dry; one old man in particular, of whom I knew, and who died a few months since in Shoreham Workhouse at the mature age of one hundred and one (he had served at Waterloo) was in the habit of "squenching \* his drythe," with water from any handy watercourse or pond when working. Of him his grandson told me, that only six months before his death he took "a contrack for claring a dick, † but he couldn't do it by hisself and it worried him to find he couldn't do naun ‡ but doddle § about, so at last he went into the workus." This hearty old laborer would do a long day's mowing, when younger, with nothing but bread, and water from the brooks. His wife was a very "contrairy" ¶ woman, and in her last days she became, as her grandson expressed it, "quite childish again;" I liked the added adverb, it seemed to give a gentler meaning to the other word. Of illness this old couple knew hardly anything, they had no time to be ill, but with all their unceasing work they were somehow always very poor. Perhaps this extreme poverty may have had something to do with the lessened vigor and stamina which appear in their descendants, for the son died at fifty; the grandson, now forty-five, is a big, powerful man, but greatly troubled with indigestion, or, as he expresses it, "his inside

\* "Squench," a corruption of quench. (To avoid repetition I may here express my obligation to the Rev. Chancellor Parish's Dialect Dictionary for most of the notes which follow.)

† Dick: a ditch, dyke.

‡ Naun: nothing.

§ Doddle: to walk feebly.

¶ Contrairy: self-willed.

seems all wore out," and the great-grandson, a growing lad of fourteen, is again, to quote his father, "wonderful picksome\* wi' his vittles." All are, however, as hard-working and active as the centenarian himself.

"Master" Woolven, the keeper, who lives a little way up the road, and who has led the same kind of active, out-of-door life, does not know much about illness, but he gave me a full account the other day of a serious attack which he had had. "'Twas the worst illness I ever had; I'd got very hot and I calls in at Squire Henty's and drank about a half a pint of his ale, terr'ble poor stuff it was too, this here reg'lar small beer, made me feel bad d'rackly. Well I goos home and I tossed about all that night, and then I sends my mistus for the club doctor—the Foresters I b'longs to—and he said as how I'd some kind of a stoppage, so he gives me mor'n two quarts of his med'cin! Well I lays in bed, ah longer'n ever I did in my life, but at last I got better, so I gets up and goos to work again." "Ah, then, you were really made quite ill by that small beer, were you, Woolven?" "Yes, they all thought I was a gooin' to die; I didn't think so, mind'e, but Mrs. Henty, and Mrs. Barrow, and Mrs. Pilbeam, they all come, and they brought t' parson wi' 'em, and they all come a' cluttering up in my bedroom, and when I see 'em I laughed right out, and t' parson he didn't quite know what to say. So I says 'I'm not a gooin' to die,' I says, 'I don't mean to die this time.' Mind you, Mr. William" (this with indescribable impressiveness), "I warn't afeared to die, no I wasn't afeared, but I wasn't goin' to die." "How long were you in bed altogether, then, Woolven?" "Why, the best part of two days, Mr. William; I'd never been so longa'bed afore in my life!" So much for "Master" Woolven's serious illness. Let us go back to the pond. Over among the brambles on the other bank the moorhen has her nest, to be found without much trouble most likely, in spite of the dead leaves which some people say she spreads over the top when she goes away for a while. I have found a good many nests, but never one thus covered; the nest is a roomy, compact structure, and it needs to be, for the hen loads it with eggs, nine and ten being no uncommon numbers. That is a water vole, whose apparently earless round head you can see moving along just above the water by the edge of

the left-hand bank; his ears are small and he lays them close to his head while swimming; the pretty little beast is, I believe, a vegetarian, and lives on the tender shoots of aquatic plants and all other nice, clean, wholesome country things, not a bit like his second cousin once removed, who resides in the sewers and lives on garbage. Old Gilbert White, in one of his quaint and delightful letters to "Thomas Pennant, Esq.," speaks of one which had a winter store of more than a gallon of potatoes at the end of his hole! If you are weary of watching the pond, come out in the open and sit here on the grass; you might think yourself the only living creature on the wide common, but for the grasshoppers and the butterflies, and a bird on the oak-tree behind us which twitters and chirps lazily in the hot sunshine. Turn the grass-blades aside here with your hand, and in this hidden print of a horse-hoof sunk in the soft clay beneath, see what a world of almost indistinguishable insect life is moving. Three tiny creatures smaller and thinner than a cheese mite are zigzagging about under that dead grass blade. Above them from stalk to stalk a little wood-louse climbs. Across the hollow a minute shining black midget shaped like a figure from Euclid hops briskly and is gone. A bright yellow monster with a striped green back edged with white, dives and disappears before you can altogether describe him. Like four little beads strung together and endowed with legs and locomotive power, is this diminutive ant which follows him leisurely. All these insects seem to have no purpose in their movement, but run from side to side and round and round, without any aim that I can see. For perfect protective coloring look at that light brown creature (as I write the word, a mere speck of transparent yellow flits across the chasm, it has just perceptible legs and little black horns); the light brown creature is shaped like a tiny leaf, and has its legs hidden beneath its body. Next follows an insect no larger than a pin's head, the sort one gets at the drapers instead of farthings, I mean, but with his green body, yellow head and legs, and black eyes, he is singularly effective. All these are within the circumference of the hoof-print, which is a veritable microcosm; stay, there are three or four more yet, one like a tiny burnished spider, another, smaller still and almost invisible, the color of pink shot silk and the shape of a grass seed; a third, a pale green beetle, not unlike a rat's body but infinitely

\* Picksome: a dainty.

less, of course, and with little legs forming a sort of fringe on each side of him.

What do they all here? I have watched them now for half an hour at least, and I cannot see them eat or fight or sleep or work or do anything which we, the larger insects of a little longer day, fill up our time with. Do they simply live and move? Has science named them all? Meanwhile the air which seemed so still a little while ago is, now that I have quieted myself, as full of sounds as the grass is full of life. Disentangling the music, one hears through the faint and swelling rustle of the leaves, a multitude of distant blending bird notes, grasshoppers whistling in the grass, the subdued cackle from some distant poultry yard, and a far-off rumbling which may be thunder, or is perchance the traffic on the highroad many fields away. But besides the other sounds, there is a low, faint, half unheard undertone which is none of these, but is nature's music as she sings to herself alone; these myriads of moving insects, the countless butterflies which flutter from flower to flower, every leaf, every branch, the very growth of all the bud and blossom, each moving blade, and quivering stalk (and not one is still) adds something to the universal chorus. Do they sing praise as the wise men say they do, and are all these creeping, crawling things filled with sentient pleasure and delight? Certain it is that such a notion chimes in well with the scents and sounds, the warmth and the beauty which impress themselves on the most careless human observer; however hard it may be to fit in, too, the fierce struggle for existence going on in that wayside pond. It is the old world story again, of the happy garden with the lurking serpent! As if to put an end to this moralizing, the English representative of the seductive reptile which led our first mother astray glides up through the grass on that almost perpendicular hedgebank opposite. This is a noted place for vipers, and on a cartshed down the lane there are always half-a-dozen dead ones hanging, for the farmer gives sixpence apiece for any that are killed on his farm. This he does, because they bite his sheep when nibbling the grass, and unless a bitten sheep is very soon relieved in some way, it dies of suffocation owing to the swelling of the head and neck. But in the general way vipers seem to be singularly inoffensive, and it is rarely you can come across any one who has been actually bitten. I have asked a great many country people, including the parish doctor here, and he during twenty-

five years practice has only treated two cases. Old Woolven with forty years of life in the open has never been bitten, but he tells a funny tale about his dog, once an active, but now an apoplectic bull-terrier, which was attacked one Sunday afternoon by a viper whose head only was visible at a hole in the bank. "That there dog, he swelled up as big as two dogs, and he was justabout\* bad; well, I took 'en and I 'iled'en all over, and I did that three days, and I never give the dog nothing to eat; and that third day I goes out to the same place, and I see the viper with his head out of the same hole. So I ups wi' my gun and I shot 'en dead, just where a meuse† ran up towards the hedge. Well, you wouldn't b'leve, Mr. William, but the dog he began to sink drac'ly the viper was dead, and he soon'got well." It was plain that to Woolven's mind there was some mysterious connection between the vitality of the viper and the swollen dog. Another countryman whom I examined, one Goatcher, an excellent specimen of the slow, shrewd, illiterate Sussex laborer, had never been bitten, but had killed a great many snakes, and he positively assured me that he had seen a viper jump nearly ten feet towards a carter, who had irritated it with his whip. Some confusion, one fancies, must have existed between the whip-lash and the snake; but he would not be shaken in his story, and, on repeating it to Woolven, he promptly capped it by one more surprising, concerning a woman he had known, at whom a viper jumped, and missing her face, owing to the sudden movement of her head, this agile monster harmlessly cleared her shoulder, as a hunter goes over a gate. But the country folk class vipers and slow-worms and common snakes all together as equally dangerous, so their evidence on any matter relating to them is not very reliable; this man Goatcher, to my great surprise, included *glowworms* in the same category as "terrible pizenous things." He admitted that he had never been hurt by one, nor had he seen any one who had; but he always killed them whenever he could. To the remonstrance, "You've never been hurt by them," he had but one reply, "No, and I doan't never mean to be, I never gives 'en a chaance, I allus kills 'en." If this superstition is at all general, it will account for the scarcity of glowworms in some districts; here they are pretty plentiful, and,

\* Justabout: certainly, extremely.

† Meuse: a hole through a hedge made by a hare or a rabbit; an old French sporting term.



I think, particularly luminous, for I have read small print by the light given by a single specimen held against the page. Goatcher, who is a strong, vigorous, powerful-looking man, is, like so many of his class, very shy of unfamiliar living creatures — birds, beasts, and creeping things; he will manage a turbulent bullock, or master a vicious horse (and, by the way, he has had one or two frightful accidents with horses since he started in life as a carter-boy at seven years old, having begun with a badly kicked chest when he was "quite a little shaver"), but the wild, untamed denizens of the fields and woods give him pause. Nothing would persuade him to pick up a slow-worm, or "deaf adder," as he calls it, and, to use his own words, he is "more afeared of they things than most anything." His wife added to my stock of useful knowledge the surprising statement, that any one with a good "telescope" could see inscribed on the skin of the "deaf adder," underneath, the following couplet:—

If I could hear as well as I could see,  
Nor man nor beast would dare to pass by me.

One would like to know how old the rhyme is, and whether it is purely local or of wider origin. Goatcher's father was celebrated for his skill at rat-catching, which he accomplished with his bare hands, without getting bitten; driving a large trade with certain "young gents at Worthing," who took a bushel-basketful at a time. He gave me a long account of his father's prowess, ending with a rather entertaining personal narrative, as follows (it was dealt out, in doses between pauses and grunts, consequent upon a job of digging in some stiff clay): "I went out a rabbiting wi' he once, he says, arter he put his gurt stoät in — 'catch tha' there old stoät,' he says — 'if he shows hisself,' he says — so prensley\* I sees the stoät — but I was afeared o' gotten bit — so I pushed 'en back wi' my foot every time he showed hisself. Feather he come round at last. 'Where be the stoät?' he says — 'I ain't seen 'en,' I says. Well, next day we goos again — and I says to myself, I says, — 'I wunt be afeared of a stoät,' I says — so I caught 'en that time — gor' how he did bite surelye — they be wonderful bitten † things, stoäts."

All this is a long digression from that pleasant common and its swarming life, of which, however, one might go on gossip-

ing endlessly; for every hour of the day, as the sun goes over, brings out some fresh beauty or recalls some other reminiscence of rustic words and ways. But it is well to leave off with an appetite.

EDWARD CLAYTON.

From The Spectator.

#### STANLEY'S PYGMIES.

THE orders for Stanley's forthcoming book, say the reporters in their preposterous English, "are already phenomenal," and no wonder. Nothing in modern history or fiction, nothing in recent adventure or in Mr. Haggard's novels, has so excited the general imagination of reading mankind as the explorer's continual references to the pygmies whom he discovered and fought with and studied in the depths of the Aruwihimi forest. He tells us, it is true, painfully little in his speeches, reserving all details, with a natural but tantalizing economy, for his great book; but he says quite enough to awaken an overpowering curiosity to know more of what must be the most marvellous scene now existing in the world. Read with intelligent eyes only one of his descriptions, that which on Monday night, at the reception of the Geographical Society, hushed the eight thousand guests who thronged the Albert Hall into strained attention. Over a country half as large again as France, covered with huge trees — ten thousand millions of them, calculates the traveller himself — standing so thick that it is always twilight below their interwoven branches, wander in thousands, and have wandered for three thousand years at least, a race of light brown men and women — their color, says Mr. Stanley, is that of half-baked bricks — scarcely four feet high. Ages before Herodotus was born, they retreated before larger races, as the Lapps, who are nearly as small, retreated before the Norsemen; and in the course of centuries, they have so fitted themselves to their environment that the dreary forest, where full light never falls, and every shadow across the sun produces a kind of penetrable night, has become to them the world, limitless, edgeless, vast beyond their power to think of emerging from its protecting gloom. They know of nothing beyond it even by tradition, have no idea of the great prairies outside, have never seen grass growing in quantities, cannot to all appearance conceive a country in which trees are not, or

\* Prensley: presently.

† Bitten (bitende, Ang. Sax. biting): inclined to bite. (Parish's Dictionary.)

in which movement does not involve a painful threading through the bush. The earth for them everywhere bears forest. The only spaces they know are the small oases, where larger natives have made clearances in which to plant gardens of the banana, which in this climate reaches maturity in twelve months, and serves all the purposes of the cereals in more fortunate lands. The little people, taught by ages of experience, know their forests thoroughly, can tell exactly what is edible and what poisonous, and can find food everywhere; but the bananas draw them irresistibly from the lonelier depths. They plant their villages around the oases in order to get the fruit, sometimes paying the cultivators by the services as trackers and watchmen, which their superior knowledge of the woods enables them to offer, but more frequently feeding without leave on crops that are practically inexhaustible. They are in their way intelligent, possess a language, are gifted with all the knowledge of the forest, and can, when they please, make themselves dangerous, appearing and disappearing as suddenly and almost as silently as the very snakes themselves. They impeded and endangered Stanley more than all the tribes he met of the usual human size. They have enmities, friendships, virtues, and vices, are in all respects human beings, and human beings with a certain force in them, for they have remained undefeated by the horrible circumstances around them all through the historic life of man, if not for untold centuries beyond; and yet they live almost precisely the life of the tribes of baboons found by another explorer almost in the same region, and to all appearance will lead it until the intrusive white man, his brain fired with a desire for limitless timber to be cut without paying royalties, begins the work of felling the forest which is the only home they know, and which, if antiquity of possession can constitute title, is and has always been theirs.

Is it theirs? Radicals could hardly utilize better the few hours in which they are not reading or hearing or making comparatively sterile speeches, than in thinking out to the end some of the problems presented by the little folk of the Aruwhimi forest, who have never changed, and if let alone never will change, any more than the animal tribes, and who yet are as human as themselves. They, the politicians, declare every day that the law of humanity is progress, and decide every question which they do decide — say, one

in a hundred — by the reassertion of that first datum of modern thought; but how does their law appear, tried by the history of these pygmies who are human, and even "intelligent," but who throughout the whole history of man have not advanced one step, who do not even grow the bananas they are so hungry to eat, who sow no corn and keep no stock, and in centuries of conflict have not learned how to keep themselves secure? Here at least we have a race which neither advances nor perishes, which is not taught by necessity and learns nothing of value from experience, but lives on unchanged, unaffected by all the influences which the Radicals tell us in so many speeches are urging forward mankind toward some unknown goal. If the pygmies have never progressed, with their fertile soil, and warm climate, and magnificent rivers, then it is clear that progress is not a universal law of humanity, but only a law obeyed by certain peoples under certain circumstances, possibly, though not certainly, for very limited periods. That is a very different fixed datum for thought from the one which doctrinaire Radicals now accept, and the change from one to the other would materially modify many speculations. If, for instance, the pygmies left to themselves would never improve, which is clearly the only possible deduction from present evidence, are they not entitled to the great advantage of being conquered by a race which could give them an opportunity of progressing? We believe that proposition to be true of all Africa; but it is constantly denied, and we want to know if those who deny it will extend their denial to this extreme case of the pygmies. Ought these little folk, probably not a quarter of a million in number, who do not advance, or show the slightest promise of advancing, to be allowed to shut out the progressive races from a magnificent country which its possessors do not use, and which yields a product almost essential to man? The forest "belongs," on the Radical hypothesis, to the pygmies, and the trees ought to be left for three thousand more years, to grow and fall and rot as they have done for the previous three thousand years that have elapsed since rumors of these strange people first reached civilized ears. The supply of timber in the civilized world is rapidly growing insufficient. Europe may be said to be denuded already, and America is rapidly being stripped; but here are ten thousand million trees waiting only for the beneficent axe which, in destroying the forest, makes it

capable of cultivation. May the civilized races take those trees, or must they be left to shelter forever the little people who have wandered for such ages under their shade, and who clearly, if any people ever owned a country they could not use, own the forest of the Aruwihimi? The answer to that question involves the morality of all that is now taking place in Africa, and much of which offends so many "advanced" minds. We know quite well what the answer from events will be; but then, events are often as immoral as the Norman Conquest, and we want the answer from those who try to regulate national conduct by some rule of right. Our own answer is clear: that when conquest raises the conquered, or palpably benefits the world, conquest is a permitted weapon. But that answer as yet is accepted only by those who act. Those who reason without acting will not accept it, and we want to know what alternative they are prepared to suggest. They have here before them an absolutely crucial case. If the self-government theory is true everywhere and for all men, then the greatest forest on earth, and the vast country it renders useless, ought to remain forever at the disposal of the race of little men who were threading its narrow aisles before Herodotus heard that such a people were believed to exist. No right can be so perfect as theirs, or more injurious to mankind; but is the latter fact to be taken into consideration? If it is, then the English may justifiably govern east Africa from the Mediterranean to the Zambesi for a century or two, with no fear of doing wrong save by unjust or deteriorating government; but if not, not.

From The National Review.

## ON RETURNING TO ENGLAND.

THERE! once again I stand on home,  
Though round me still there swirls the foam,  
Leaping athwart the vessel's track  
To bid a wanderer welcome back,  
And though as yet through softening haze  
White cliffs but vaguely greet my gaze.  
For, England! yours the waves, the spray,  
And, be one's foothold what it may,  
Wherever billow wafts or wends,  
Your soil is trodden, your shore extends.  
How stern! how sweet! Though fresh from  
lands

Where soft seas heave on slumbering strands,  
And soft winds moistened by the south  
Seem kisses from an infant's mouth,  
My northern blood exults to face  
The rapture of this rough embrace,

Glowing in every vein to feel  
The cordial caress of steel  
From spear-blue air and sword-blue sea,  
The armor of your liberty.  
Braced by the manly air, I reach  
My soul out to the approaching beach,  
And own, the instant I arrive,  
The dignity of being alive!

And now with forward-faring feet  
Eager I leap to land, and greet  
The hearty grasp, the honest gaze,  
The voice that means the thing it says,  
The gait of men by birthright free,  
Unceremonial courtesies.  
None frown, none cringe, but, fearless-eyed,  
Are kindly all; since, side by side,  
Authority and Freedom reign  
In twin equality, and drain  
Their sanction from the self-same breast,  
And Law is wise Will manifest.  
Yes, this is England, frank and fair:  
I tread its turf, I breathe its air,  
And catch from every stalwart lung  
The music of my mother tongue.

And who are these that cluster round  
With frolic feet and silvery sound,  
And eyes as liquid as the dawn,  
When laughs the dew on Kentish lawn?  
These England's daughters, frank yet arch,  
Roguish as April, true as March:  
Like pink-white windflowers in the grove,  
That came while east and west wind strove  
For mastery, and Spring seemed late,  
Hardy alike and delicate.  
How well their faces fit the scene,  
The copses grey, the hedgerows green,  
The white-veiled blackthorn, gorse afire,  
The cottage yew, the village spire;  
The pastures flecked with frisking lambs  
Around their gravely grazing dams;  
The children loitering home from school,  
Their hands and pinafores all full  
Of cuckoo-pint and bluebell spike,  
Gathered in dingle, dell, and dyke;  
The comely homes one just can see  
Through flowering belts of bush and tree,  
That all combine, all, all conspire,  
To more than satisfy desire,  
To make one love this lovely earth,  
And bless Heaven for one's British birth.

Bewitching climes! where late I sought  
In change of scene a change of thought,  
Refreshment from familiar ground,  
And, what I sought for, more than found,  
Where old enchantment haunteth still  
Ligurian coast and Tuscan hill,  
Climes I have ventured oft and long  
To celebrate in faltering song,  
Where fearless almond, fairy larch,  
Smiling, disarm the frown of March,  
Snow hath no terrors, frost no sting,  
And playful Winter mimics Spring,  
Deem me not thankless nor deny  
Fresh welcome from your shore and sky,  
Repose from thought so oft implored,  
And ne'er refused, if, now restored

By you to health, by you to home,  
 Glad I return, late glad to roam.  
 For dear to me though wayside shrine  
 By silent gorge or murmuring brine;  
 Dear though the barefoot peasant folk  
 Who lop the vine and steer the yoke  
 Of soft-eyed, sleek-skinned, creamy beeves,  
 Up narrow ways to broad slant eaves;  
 The stony mule-tracks twisting slow  
 Up slopes where cherry-blossoms blow  
 'Mid olive grey and ilex brown,  
 On to some sun-bronzed mountain town;  
 The hush and cool of marble domes,  
 Where, wed to reverie, one roams  
 Through transept, chancel, cloister, cell,  
 Where still with far-off faces dwell  
 Sages and saints devoutly limned  
 By hands long dust and eyes long dimmed;  
 Dear though all these, and ne'er forgot,  
 No southern shore, no sunniest spot,  
 Not Roccabruna's hamlet crest,  
 Not Eza's brow, not Taggia's breast,  
 Not Bellosguardo's sunset hour,  
 Not Dante's seat nor Giotto's Tower,  
 Nor even Spiaggiascura's foam,  
 Moistens and melt my heart like home.  
 For here the cuckoo seems more glad,  
 The nightingale more sweetly sad,  
 Primroses more akin in gaze  
 To childlike wonder, childlike ways;  
 And all things that one sees and hears,  
 Since rooted in the bygone years,  
 And blending with their warm caress  
 A couch of homely tenderness,

Bid the quick instinct in one's blood  
 Pay tribute unto motherhood.  
 How should strange lands, it boots not where,  
 Divorce one from one's native air,  
 Or in a loyal breast dethrone  
 Unreasoning reverence for one's own?  
 Yet love and reason surely blend  
 To stir this passion and commend?  
 And who will blame if, though one seeks  
 In gentler tides and sterner peaks  
 Contrast to northern hill and main,  
 I cherish still and hold apart  
 The fondest feeling in my heart  
 For where, beneath one's parent sky,  
 Our dear ones live, our dead ones lie!

And you, dear friend, who linger still  
 Beside the iris-crested rill  
 That silvers through your olives grey  
 From convent-capped Fiesole,  
 Think not that I forget, forswear,  
 The scenes we lately vowed so fair.  
 To these your wandering footsteps bring  
 The freshness of an English spring;  
 And even Florence sunnier glows,  
 When Phyllis prattles and Ivor crows.  
 And though among them still you stray,  
 Sweet-lengthening-out a Tuscan May,  
 You too will here return before  
 Our Northern roses blow once more,  
 To prove to all of kindred birth,  
 For comely ways and sterling worth,  
 Nothing can match, where'er we roam,  
 An English mother in English home.

April, 1890.

#### STRANGE SANITARY MEASURES IN INDIA.

—The European public are not aware of a ludicrous custom still followed in Hindoo households of Bengal, says a Calcutta writer. The last day of Falgoun, that fell on March 12, was observed in worshipping Ghantoo, the god of itches and the diseases of the skin which afflict the natives. Very early on the morning of this day the mistresses of the families, changing their nocturnal attires, put a useless black earthen vessel outside the threshold of their back doors, with a handful of rice and *masoor dal*, four cowries, and a piece of rag smeared with turmeric. Wild flowers appearing in this season—called *Ghantoo fool*—are offered in worship. The young boys of the families stand in a semi-circle before the mistresses, with cudgels in their hands. When the conches are sounded by the female worshippers as the signal of the poojah being over, the boys break the vessels into atoms. The mirthful children, in their anxiety to strike the first blow, sometimes bruise the fingers and hands of the matrons. The piece of rag is preserved over the doors of the houses in the zenana. In the evening of the day the boys of the lower order

of the villages sing the songs of the occasion in chorus from door to door for pice.

Pall Mall Gazette.

**WIND CURRENTS.**—The air of the lower strata of the atmosphere in the trade-wind zone of the North Atlantic, having a westerly motion, and impinging against the high tablelands and mountain-ranges of Mexico, is deflected around towards the north over the south-eastern States, and up the Mississippi valley into the higher latitudes, where it combines with the general easterly flow of these latitudes, and adds to its strength. This completely breaks up the continuity of the tropical calm belt and dry zone, so that, instead of a dry region with scanty rainfall, such as is found in north Africa, Arabia, Persia, Beloochistan, and Cabul, we have on the same parallels in the southern and eastern United States a region of abundant rainfall; and all the way up the Mississippi valley and in the interior of the continent there is much more rain than in the interior of Asia.

A Popular Treatise on the Winds, by William Turrel (Macmillan).

